The Life of William Thacker Leever

Love & War in Oregon Territory

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June 2025

In memory of my mother, Joy Leever

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Oxen Plowing by Constant Troyon, 1860

Part I: A Reluctant Farmer – December 13, 1855

A young man stood behind a plow and four yoke of oxen and gazed over his shoulder at the dark clouds rolling in from over the western foothills. The fog had recently dissipated, but rain was coming to this field at the edge of Bear Creek. William wiped his forehead and neck with his bandana and looked back over the morning's work. He and his helper, who worked the prod, were using a breaking plow, which turned the soil after the last potato harvest before the rainy Oregon winter.

William had fairly lately come to town and not finding immediate employment as an itinerant teacher, took up an offer by Mr. Isaac Constant to help on his rather expansive farm in exchange for room and board. It was getting late in the year for this kind of work, and the pending rain just reinforced that point.

"Just four or five more rows, then it can rain willy-nilly" he thought. He pulled his collar up and laughed quietly as he looked down at his calloused hands. His neck and shoulders began to ache soon after the sun had risen. "Lord, you seem determined to make a farmer of me yet!" he mused.

Almost on cue, the darkening clouds began sputtering sprinkles which bounced from the backs of the steaming oxen. At the end of his row, he looked up and saw a young man walking toward him from the Constant home.

Part II: Young William

William's father Samuel was a respectable farmer who, along with his extended family cultivated the rolling hills and swales northeast of Cincinnati – in Goshen Township, Ohio where William was born February 27, 1829. John Quincy Adams was finishing up his only term as president of the 24 states. Most young men in William's generation considered a man's best chance at success in life was to learn as much about farming as you could from your father – and work to have your own farm one day. Growing up as the son of a farmer, William knew more than he wanted to know about farming – Certainly, enough to know it was a profession he wanted to avoid. But the only alternative vocation within his early reach was blacksmith, an occupation pursued by several of his uncles.

William's grandfather (Samuel's father) Adam, was both a farmer *and* a blacksmith – aside from that reluctant stint as a continental soldier during the War of Independence. Along with the 105-acre land warrant granted Adam for military service, this Alsatian immigrant managed to eventually grow that into a decent plantation of some 300 acres on the western Pennsylvania frontier. Sadly, Adam passed away before Samuel was born. Having the benefit of the experience and direction of his mother and siblings, Samuel had a narrow choice of occupations – blacksmithing or farming. By 1820, 73% of American workers were engaged in agricultural pursuits, so it is not surprising he gravitated to farming.

Although provided for in his will, Samuel's one-ninth share of Adam's estate had evaporated by the time he reached the age of majority. He and his mother eventually followed Samuel's older brothers 400 miles to the new western frontier of Ohio. And there he married Nancy Thacker, and there William and his 12 siblings were born. Six of those had passed away before William reached 23.

Having inherited his father's independence and resourcefulness, William figured that a man might be free to pick a vocation that better suited him. He had been hearing his older brother Cornwall talk about his experiences at the new university established just 110 miles north of Goshen Township. The nascent Ohio Wesleyan University was recruiting new students for the following year. All the Leever children were raised with a deep respect for scholarship and moral piety by their parents, so the family took keen interest in the success of the University not only for the sake of their local community and schools, but also for their fledgling state.

William was eager to join his older brother at Ohio Wesleyan University for the upcoming term. Their parents understood that the university, established by staunch abolitionists, was affiliated with the Methodist Church. Given this context and knowing Cornwall would be there to guide his younger brother, they offered little resistance to his enrollment.

From the day William was old enough to handle a shovel he was taught most every aspect of running a family farm. He appreciated the effort, forethought and commitment he saw in his father and older brothers, but the farming life felt slow, difficult, and repetitive, and precariously dependent on the weather. He was thrilled to now be pursuing a career as

a teacher – using more brain than brawn to earn a living. So, the two brothers enrolled together and in spite of their age difference, ended up in the same class.

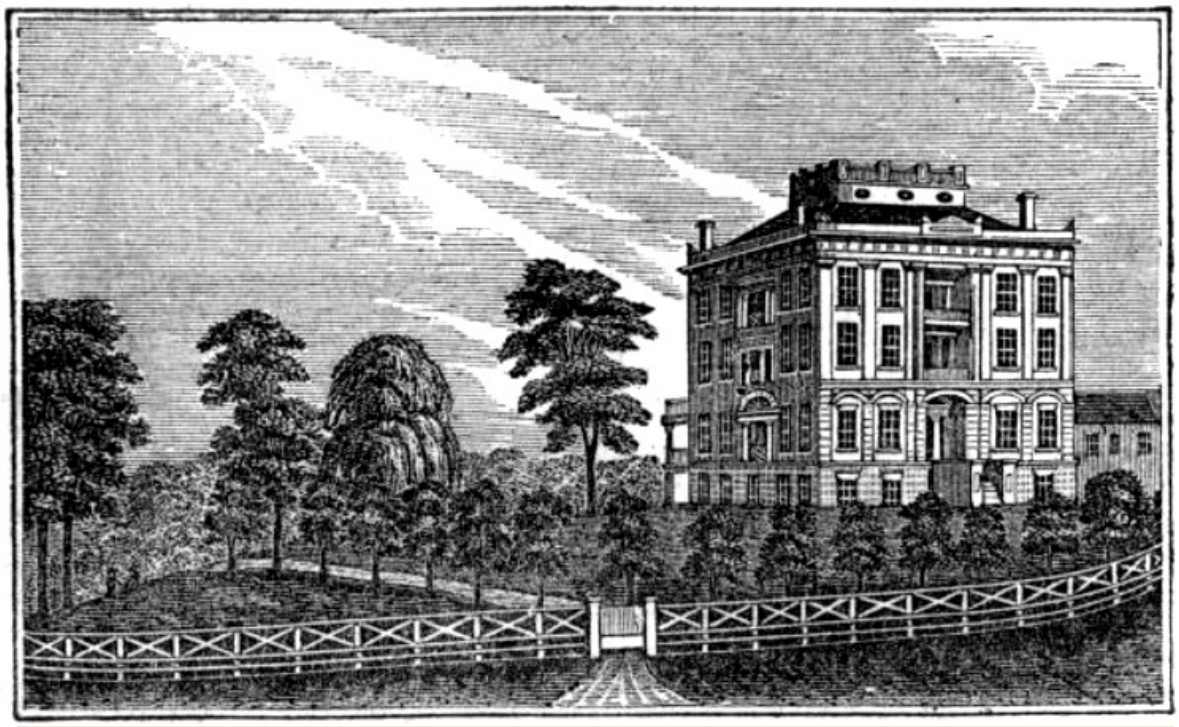
Cornwall was the second born – but oldest surviving of the brood – 21 years old, and William was the fourth eldest and four years younger. Cornwall owed his unusual name to his maternal uncle, while both brothers were given their mother's maiden name Thacker for their middle names as was common in those days. But throughout their adult lives, the brothers referred to themselves as C. T. Leever and W. T. Leever.

The Ohio Wesleyan University Bulletin lists the brothers as being enrolled as Juniors – William in the "Preparatory Courses" and Cornwall in the "Scientific Courses." Scientific Courses is shorthand for *Mental and Moral Science and Belles Lettres*, the first of the eight departments within the University. While the reference to the two Junior Classmen in the University's *"Catalog of the Officers and Students . . . 1849-50*" is incidental, the reference to their primary studies is one of the more insightful glimpses into the Leevers' values and animating philosophies.

> *Francis Wayland's The Elements of Moral Science, first published in 1835, was one of the most widely used and influential American textbooks of the nineteenth century. Direct and simple in its presentation, the book was more a didactic manual than a philosophic discussion of ethical problems. But because of its success, and because it set the tone and form for so much educational writing that was to follow, this first important American textbook in moral philosophy is now of great value as a document in the history of education.*
>
> *. . . .*
>
> *In his lectures and, finally, in his book, Wayland stood in opposition to the utilitarian ethics of the eighteenth century which based moral judgments on the consequences of men's acts. He held instead that conscience was a faculty directing man's actions in accordance with moral law. Wayland developed this idea in the first part of his book, called "Theoretical Ethics." In the second part, "Practical Ethics," he established three working principles: the eternal validity of moral law as revealed in the Scriptures, the right of private judgment in accordance with Protestant tradition, and the Jeffersonian republican limitation of the powers of government. These he then applied to moral practice, vindicating and validating the desirable virtues of justice, veracity, chastity, and benevolence.*[1]

[1] Anonymous review, Harvard University Press, The John Harvard Library. https://id.oclc.org/worldcat/entity/E39PBJdGRYwxVCBGXfmj6jrpfq

'Belles-lettres,' a literary mode that originated in 17th-century France, signified writing in the style and service of cultivated society. The English mostly kept the French term but on occasion translated it as 'polite letters.' Belle-lettres denotes a linguistic self-consciousness testifying to the superior education of both writer and reader, who come together more through literature than through life. Or rather, they meet in a world reconstructed by literature, for belles-lettres makes life literary, adding an aesthetic dimension to morality.[2]



Ohio Wesleyan University 1847

Although Cornwall had already begun teaching according to the 1850 census, the brothers graduated[3] at roughly the same time during 1852 and launched their careers in the teeming metropolis of Cincinnati which was about a three-hour carriage ride from Goshen. By 1850, Cincinnati had grown from a frontier settlement to the sixth largest urban center in the US with a population of over 115,000 souls, eleven-fold from just 30 years prior. It was a crowded city of contrasts – prosperous neighborhoods and squalid, violent slums inhabited by immigrants from Europe and runaway slaves from the South who were drawn there by freedom and economic opportunity. Cincinnati was a city in dire need of teachers.

While the need for teachers was real, education did not rank highly in the minds of many Cincinnatians, especially those struggling to make ends meet. But for whatever

[2] Myra Jehlen and Michael Warner, *The English Literatures of America, 1500-1800*. Routledge, 1997

[3] Graduating from a university was no small feat. While literacy among whites in 1850 what about 15% higher than today (currently, only 44% are 'proficient'), but only 5,000 to 6,000 men nationwide could claim to have a college education in 1850.

reason – or perhaps for multiple reasons – after just one year of teaching in the Cincinnati schools, Cornwall and William got an itch to head west to the newly formed Oregon Territory. The trickle of news coming from the West became a torrent. Letters were frequently reprinted in local newspapers, fueling the excitement.

The brothers reasoned, "After all, we were never raised to be city-folk anyway. And all those new settlers out west have children, don't they? And don't those children deserve an education as much as the children of Cincinnati?"

It would be fair to assume that the brothers had also been moved by the example of their father's (and grandfather's) sojourn evermore west into the continent where new challenges would test their mettle, and bring prosperity to their ever-growing family. The family patriarch, Adam Lieber, an ethnic German came to America from Alsace-Lorraine when the colonies were Britain's frontier. His son Samuel was a pioneer in the new state of Ohio when Ohio was considered to be the Northwest frontier. Now, just one generation later, the young country – just six decades old – was still racing westward, to a new "Northwest" called the Oregon Territory, a vast expanse of land that stretched from the continental divide to the Pacific Ocean and included what is now Oregon, Washington and most of British Columbia.

The decision to venture west was likely on the minds of the brothers even as they graduated from the University. The plan was certainly not without misgivings though. The brothers had lost seven of their 11 siblings prior to their planned departure – the latest was the death of John Quincy Adams Leever who passed the year prior at the age of 18. That left only four siblings – Joseph, Sarah, Nathan and Mary – in Clermont County to care for their parents who were now about 50 years of age. Surely Samuel and Nancy, having experienced a surfeit of sorrow, parted with their sons with some misgivings. There is no record of the brothers ever seeing their parents again.

Part III: The Teachers Head West

"Courage is the first of human qualities because it is the quality which guarantees the others."
- Aristotle

On April 10, 1853, a 26-year-old gentleman by the name of Calvin Brookings West departed Defiance, Ohio, for the Oregon Territory; or at least that was his hope. Despite being married with five children – and having little money – he got caught up in the exuberance brought on by letters trickling back from the West, which were invariably reprinted in local newspapers. West imagined the potential prosperity – a prosperity which had evaded his many efforts since marriage. His plan was to establish himself in the Umpqua Valley and return for his family the following year. What little we have in the historical record about the Leevers trek across the continent is from what West recorded in his diary.

In the 1850s, at Defiance, the Miami and Erie Canal crossed the Maumee River and turned south up the Auglaize River. At Junction, Ohio, a split occurred. Southward, the Miami and Erie Canal continued to the divide with the Great Miami and eventually the Ohio River at Cincinnati. A passenger packet boat could travel from Defiance to Cincinnati in six days and five nights. The packet was towed by horse or mule teams and traveled at a speed of six miles per hour. The trip cost a little more than $7.00, which included meals. The main cabin was used as a dining room during the day and a dormitory at night.

West's first stop was in Delphos, Ohio on the 11th of April 1853 – about 30 miles south of Defiance, Ohio – where West notes, "stopping over one day for Evan N. Huber.[4]" By some indications, Huber joined West at this time although he isn't mentioned again in the diary (then simply as "Huber") until June 7th. This could be because Huber was well known by the West family, and it was understood that the two men would join up for this venture. From Delphos, West records their travel south on the canal by packet boat on the Auglaize River, then overland (apparently) to the Great Miami River – landing in Troy, Ohio, before stopping for a more extended interval at Cincinnati.

The Leevers likely said their last goodbyes to family and friends in the Goshen area about 30 miles northeast of Cincinnati, and perhaps by design – but more likely by accident – stumbled into West while transitioning from packet boat to steamer once reaching the Ohio River. It wasn't until April 19, 1853, that West penned his earliest surviving letter to his wife, mailed from St. Louis.

> *"My very Dear Wife: I hope in God you and our precious little ones are well, thankful and happy. I feel I am thus; and after some delay and unexpected expense, I intend to leave here this eve; probably will get to St. Joe Monday next. From there I will write you again.*
>
> *"I have engaged with a company of three fine young men, one Quaker and two Methodists, who are going directly with me, entirely through [to Oregon Territory]. It costs me nothing but my food; and this I do not pay till we get through. So if we meet with no misshap, I shall have quite enough means. The Lord be praised!"* [5]

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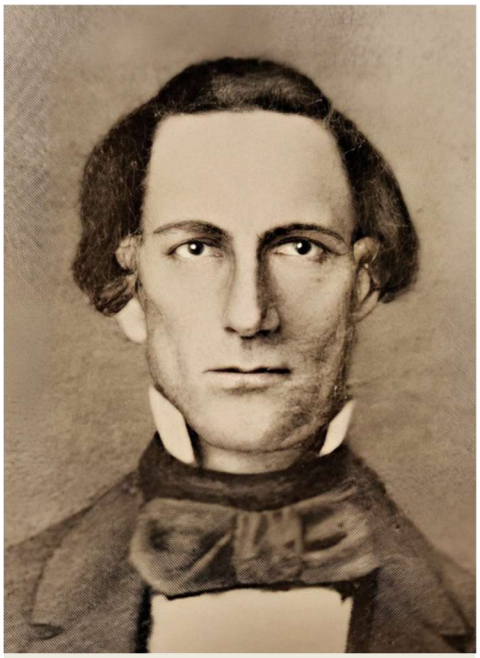
[4] An alternate theory is that Huber was an acquaintance of the Leevers, and Huber had made the introductions – somewhere between Delphos and St. Louis. The "Evan N." could be a mis-transcription since no one by that name is found in later records – either in Oregon or Ohio – although many Hubers resided in the latter.

[5] *Calvin B. West of the Umpqua: An Obscure Chapter in the History of Southern Oregon by Stuart*, Reginald Ray and Grace Stuart, 1961 California History Foundation, p. 18. All excerpts from the diary of Calvin B. West are by permission of the West family who possess the original writings.

On the 23rd of the same month, West wrote to his brother David in Illinois filling in some of the details of the arrangement with the Leevers (the "two Methodists") and Dr. D. E. Jackson (the Quaker). This excerpt was penned on the "Steam Boat Saranak," about three hundred miles past St. Louis on the Missouri River on the way to St. Joseph. The Saranak was a side-wheeler of 198 tons built at Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania in 1846 for the Missouri River trade. She was abandoned in 1854 and destroyed in a massive conflagration that engulfed five steamers that same year. West records,



Calvin Brookings West

> *On the Ohio River I fell in with a company of three fine fellows, one Dr. Jackson, a Lawyer[6] & a Teacher by the name of Leaver [sic.]. They offered me a chance with them if I would be their cook and pay my proportion of food after we got through . . . I think I will buy two or three Cows before we leave the River. They will furnish us milk all the way through and be worth from five to eight times as much as cost if we get them through.*[7]

Since West – though convivial and respectable – had little cash to bring to the venture the other three settled on a plan to let him defer payment of his share if he took on the chore of cooking. This would save them time and while they focused on scouting the trail and caring for the wagons and horses. West does not mention Evan Huber being among his companions.

From Cincinnati, West's chronicles indicate river travel, which would mean southwesterly on the Ohio to the confluence with the Mississippi, thence northwesterly on the Mississippi to St. Louis, Missouri. The five men passed by Independence, Missouri where they paused for provisions along with hundreds of other prospective pioneers jostling about the small town of less than 3,000 residents who were now being overwhelmed by 12,000 to 20,000 travelers each spring. While Independence was considered the "Gateway to the West," West and his companions knew the trip would not officially commence until they abandoned Missouri River travel and ventured forth on land – and that would happen in "St. Joe."

Arriving in St. Joseph, Missouri on April 26, the brothers pooled their savings and bartered and haggled for horses, a wagon (subsequent references imply Huber had his own

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[6] West appears to ascribe a jurisprudence degree to Cornwall although the record is silent on this particular academic achievement – Cornwall did however exhibit political aspirations while in Oregon – but not remarkably more than William.

[7] Ibid., p. 18

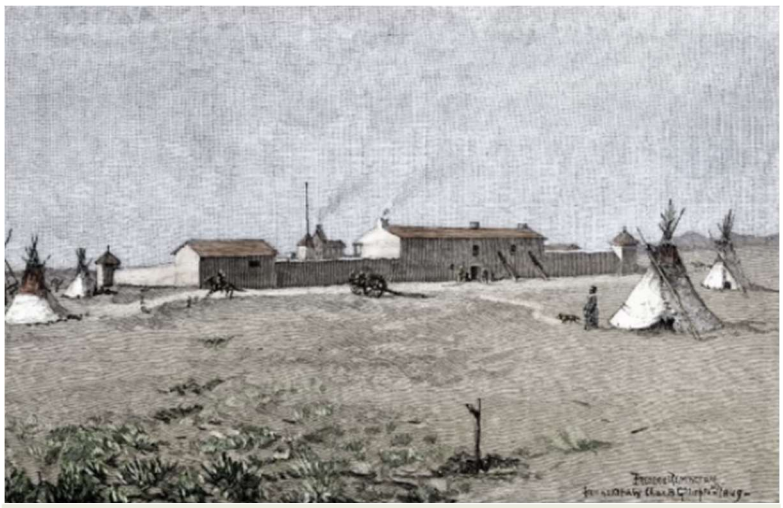
wagon), and additional supplies needed for the duration of their trek. Apparently, West's plan of purchasing milk cows was nixed by his four companions. That would have definitely slowed their progress. His letter to his brother written April 29, 1853 recounts,

> *We have purchased five No. one horses, paid 95 to $155. pr. head. Shall take no other stock. Expect to cross the river tomorrow. Hundreds are here seeking a chance to cross the plains but have not means.*[8]

Fully provisioned and rested, the five young men set out on the following day, April 30, 1853. By May 17 the company arrived at Fort Kearney, (now Nebraska). Less than a week later, in an affectionate, animated and colorful letter to his children (too long to be included here), West adds a light-hearted jab at his companions:

> *"Dinner is ready, Boys: here we are flat on the ground around our horse-trough table. See how the boys roll their bread in the gravy, reaching even to the opposite side of the meat dish; but we will not notice too closely the vulgarity of our companions. These men have been educated at college, but never at home. Tomorrow, my Dear, we will have some Buffalo meat, also some Antelope; for the men have just killed some."*[9]

On May 29 the group reached Chimney Rock where West took the time to carve his name. By June 1 they reach Fort Laramie, (now Wyoming) and spent a stormy week making little headway.



Ft. Laramie, 1849. Woodcut by Frederic Remington

"June 5th Sabbath At Mike Head creek, too high to cross. Boys fix wagon, shoe horses, dry the load.

June 6th – Monday . Creek don't fall, Boys lounge about all day, I wash and darn socks, Evening Boys fall tree cross Stream"[10]

Here he recounts a fiasco of getting the supplies, the animals and themselves across several high creeks. The men got soaked when the wagons were swept over – even though they had been "raised," a design feature devised for just such occasion to allow for the current to pass

[8] Ibid., p. 19. In a letter to his family West adds, *"Our company has bought 5 horses of the best quality, paid from $95 to $155 per head. I have a share in them according to my capital." Which was near zero.*

[9] Ibid., p. 23

[10] Ibid., p. 25

under the wagon bed. West even mentions somewhat off-handedly, "Huber almost tipped again." This might mean our party of four was really a party of five, with this reference being to the Evan Huber mentioned at the beginning of West's diary while in Delphos, Ohio.

Tensions among the companions began to rise halfway through June while both Cornwall and William became ill. Maladies such as Typhoid, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and other mosquito/tick fevers were often lumped together as "mountain fever."

> *"June 14th Tuesday. To South Pass. Saw Snake Indians. Sorry for them. C. T. Leevir [sic] Attacked with fever, wagon still holds, Boys mending it. Bot 50 lbs. flour yesterday 10c per lb.*
>
> *"June 15 Wednesday Cornwall quite sick with fever. Mend wagon till noon. Huber goes on. We travel afternoon, leave Letter at Trading Post for Mail, to Wife*
>
> *"June 16 Thursday Pass the two Sandy creeks, overtake Huber, [who] had waited for us Cornwall still sick & Wm. also taken with fever, drive all night Superior road through [South]Pass [along Old Highway 28] very pleasant day and night. Crossing Northern Extremity of American Desert 40 miles, no grass, Wood nor water. Passed the Morman Road today."*[11]
>
> *"June 17 Friday. Crossed Green River Ferry $8.00 [per] Wagon .75 [cents for] horses wonderful steep hills before reach River*
>
> *"June 18 Saturday Exchanged wagons. Sold horse Boys keep sick, better, a falling out with D. E. [Dr. Jackson]*
>
> *"June 19, 1853 Sunday. Passing from Green to Bear River, [Sublette's Cutoff in what is now Wyoming saved the company about 2 days travel] over 60 miles, very hilly. Drifted snow all around as passed over it, yet sun, beats down very hot & moskitoes innumerable, walked all day.*
>
> *"June 20, Monday Terribly rough Road, ride some, reach Bear River*
>
> *"June 21 Tuesday Down Bear River best grass, bold bluffs, beautiful valley, camp at bend, ice 1/4 inch in night.*
>
> *"June 22 Wednesday Still on Bear River good soil, Mountainous Bluffs, quite well timbered, trader and Smith Shop*
>
> *"June 23 Thursday Soda Springs, camp very interesting spectacle*

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[11] The sickness had come upon the brothers just as they had approached the continental divide. Ten years earlier, explorer John Charles Fremont described the geography of the crossing . . . "August 7, 1842 – We left our encampment with the rising sun. As we rose from the bed of the creek, the snow line of the mountain stretched grandly before us, the white peaks glittering in the sun. They had been hidden in the dark weather of the last few days, and it had been snowing on them while it rained on the plains. About six miles from our camp brought us to the summit. The ascent had been so gradual . . . we were obliged to watch very closely to find the place at which we had reached the culminating point. Approaching it from the mouth of the Sweet Water, a sandy plain, 120 miles long, conducts, by a gradual and regular ascent, to the summit, about 7000 feet above the sea; and the traveller, without being reminded of any change by toilsome ascents, suddenly finds himself on the waters which flow to the Pacific ocean."
https://www.loc.gov/resource/g4127o.mf000051/?r=0.251,0.146,0.297,0.084,0

"J 24 Friday. Left Soda Springs and Bear River for Lewis or Snake River travel all day in Bear River Valley. Soon after leaving Springs, came to Junction California & Oregon Roads. [a.k.a. "The Parting of the Ways"] The former much more traveled. great grass, Doct. Sick, like the Boy in the First Reader, because he has eaten too much. A poor tool for a Dr. or even a man, took Emetic."[12]

Whatever respect West had for Dr. Jackson was quickly eroded after their first disagreement, but happily the animus – which plagued most every train on the Trail – given the many difficulties faced – did not seem to involve the Leevers or Huber. The conflict was not assuaged by the passage of time and on the 30th West decided to leave the company once they reached the Snake River. He does not state whether his friend Evan Huber left with him.

"June 30 Thur. very stony road over the plains yet. Leave my party. Thank God! What a Set! pearls before swine. Got in with a Mr. A. J. Cruzan [and wife] take nothing for services on way, pious man Methodist, have milk & butter."[13]

The entry raises a question as to how West's obligations as "company cook" were satisfied. He states that the Cruzans took "nothing for services" which implies that to settle up with the Leevers and Dr. Jackson, West would have needed to part with most all of his acquired possessions. But having started with just $20 (by his own account) in Defiance, those could not have amounted to much.

As Mr. Cruzan's party was likely a much larger group; including women and children, it plodded along with oxen considerably slower than the Leevers and (presumably) Jackson. Although, even with horses, the going was bound to be slow as emigrants usually preferred to walk rather than endure the bone-jangling wagon ride.

After just a three-month journey from Goshen – significantly quicker than by oxen – the Leevers found themselves at the Umatilla Indian Agency on July 20,1853, or shortly before. Such a momentous and dangerous trek seems too short to describe in a single sentence. However, nothing is known about the details of the Leevers' time on the Oregon Trail except for what we can glean from the diaries and letters of other travelers – like that of Calvin B. West noted above. By 1853, tens of thousands had made the treacherous passage – though most to California – and through these letters and diaries, we gain a fairly clear picture – not just of the perilous trek, but also the longings, character and resourcefulness of the travelers.

The U.S. Congress had provided funding in June 1850 for the establishment of this first Indian Agency for the Walla Walla, Cayuse, and Umatilla tribes – but construction did not begin until July 1851 – almost exactly two years before the Leever brothers arrived –

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[12] Ibid., p. 26

[13] Ibid., p. 27

and was not fully operational until two years after their visit. The Umatilla Indian Agency lay about halfway between the present town of Pendleton and the great Columbia River. The site, initially called "The Meadows" and located near the current town of Echo, was chosen because there was an easy place to ford the Umatilla River. The river provided much needed water, and there was abundant grass for grazing. It seemed to be a natural place for the emigrant wagon trains to rest up and replenish before the last leg of their journey along the Columbia.[14]

The Umatilla Agency served as a multifaceted hub for travelers, functioning as a post office, trading post, and military outpost. Here, weary emigrants, having finally reached Oregon Territory, could send letters home announcing their safe arrival. For most, the Agency marked the final stop before reaching Oregon City, the territorial capital. However, the relative tranquility of this construction period was abruptly shattered in 1855 when the Yakima Indian Wars erupted shortly after the Agency's completion. The buildings were ransacked, and the post office was nearly destroyed by fire.

In response, the U.S. military constructed a more fortified stockade on the site, utilizing the readily available cottonwood trees. This new fort, christened Fort Henrietta, unfortunately had a short-lived existence. At the conclusion of the two-year conflict, the military dismantled the fort to prevent its potential use as a stronghold by the Indians.

Though The Meadows was, strictly speaking, in the Oregon Territory, most emigrants did not consider that they had "arrived" until negotiating one of the two remaining barriers to the Willamette Valley: Either the great Columbia River, or the new – and treacherous – overland trail around the south side of Mt. Hood.

The fact that the brothers did not register together at the Agency [William on July 20, 1853], suggests that Cornwall and William they may not have always traveled together. However, the simplest explanation might be that one of them watched the camp while the other ventured into the compound. Alternatively, it might be explained by the men trading off duties of guiding the wagon while the other forged ahead on horseback to confirm the route, then meeting up again every few days to compare notes. Given their advantage in speed (using a team of horses rather than oxen), they often rode along with other slower trains for a time, then moved on ahead until meeting up with another train – helping as they could with the inevitable problems and dangers the emigrants experienced each day. Either way, it is important to understand that the registries were not well-kept or compulsory. Not every member of a party was registered, and some entries seem to signify the week and not the day of arrival. The description of the agency provides a picture of the place, and it is not hard to imagine that in the chaos, commerce, and general excitement some formalities such as registration might be abandoned.

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[14] *Indian Agency at Fort Henrietta*, by Virginia D. Roberts; https://genealogytrails.com/ore/linn/indianagency.html

"1853 [September] Friday 2nd . . . the [Umatilla]river has a large channel here but water all stinks, and we crossed on a bed of gravel and pebble stones, for which the stream is famous all along. On the west bank is the United States Agency, a very neat looking frame house painted white, it looked cheering, as we had not seen a frame house since we left fort Laramie. There had passed the agency up this morning of emigrants three thousand six hundred, of wagons seven hundred and eighty, and of stock, then thousand three hundred."[15]

Assuming West's diary is accurate, he and his companions camped near the Agency nine days after the Leevers[16], although again, immigrants did not always register on the actual day of arrival. In any case, a delay by West could be due to sickness among the Cruzan train and a loss of sick ox, which he mentions. The Leever men recorded their arrivals in a log book, along with a couple dozen other registrants representing over a hundred related and unrelated individuals. Among these was a large contingent from the Butler Train – a group of missionary Disciples of Christ who came from Monmouth, Illinois to Polk County for the express purpose of establishing a college, which was realized when Monmouth University open its doors in 1856. It is the oldest public college in Oregon and is now known as Western Oregon University. As many of the Butler train recorded their names at Umatilla Agency the same week as the Leevers, it is likely they travelled on this final leg together.

The overland portion of the Oregon Trail effectively ended in The Dalles. From there, they "crowded with other emigrants awaiting expensive and dangerous passage down the Columbia River. They paid barge operators to float their wagons down the river while they walked the path along its banks or drove their livestock over Lolo Pass, a narrow, high-elevation pass ten miles northwest of Mount Hood."[17] The only alternative to floating the Columbia was venturing around Mount Hood to the south through the Cascade Range. The pass represented a formidable obstacle to animals, wagons, and carriages. Several weeks after the arrival of the brothers, another emigrant, George Belshaw, penned the following observation about choosing the river or mountain routes:

Some of the emigrants had returned from the mountains [Barlow trail] and reported that it was two feet in snow and very cold and rainy. So I thought it best for the family and stock to go down to the Columbia River. It is very expensive, but the feed is much better on the pack trail than on the wagon road over the Cascade Mountains.

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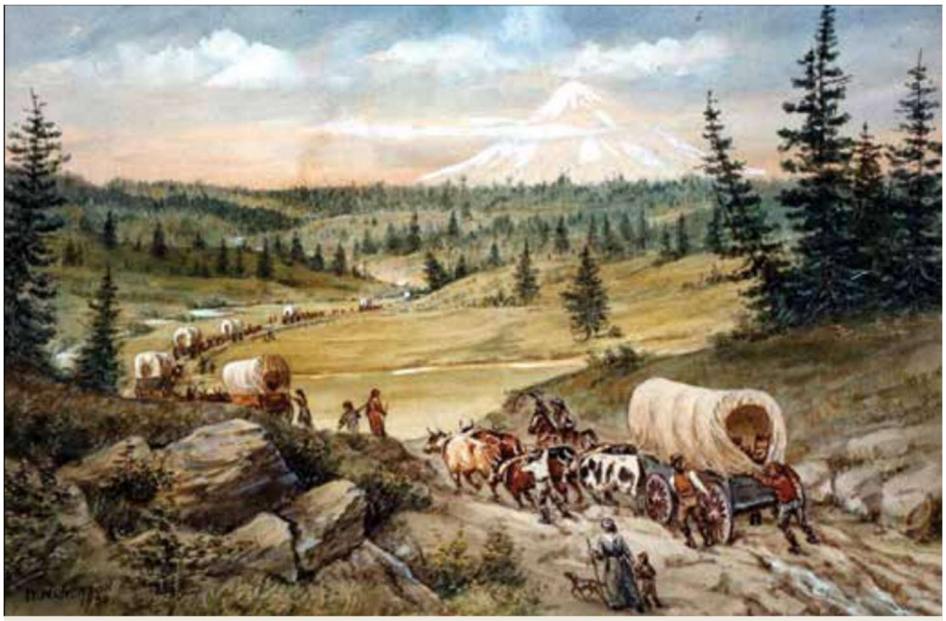
[15] Dinwiddie, David or John – *Overland from Indiana to Oregon, the Dinwiddie Journal, 1853*, edited by Margaret Booth, Sources of Northwest History No. 2, State University of Montana, Missoula

[16] Ibid., p. 30. The date of West's arrival is corroborated by the surviving registry itself. See: *Immigration Rosters of the Elliott Cut- off, 1853 and 1854 and Immigration Registration at Umatilla Agency. 1853*. Compiled by Leah Collins Menefee. 1984. Albany, OR: Linn Benton Genealogy Service, and http://www.condortales.com/onthetrail/arrivals-in-oregon---1853.html

[17] https://www.oregonencyclopedia.org/articles/barlow_road/#.ZBiAJHbMKM8

They say there is no feed for 60 miles. That would be very hard on poor cattle that has crossed the plains. They lose sometimes all their stock in a storm, so I thought it best to get my wagons on a boat.[18]

It is not clear whether the snow pack alluded to by Belshaw had accumulated prior to the Leevers' decision to take the cut-off, but given that, unlike Belshaw, they were travelling without oxen or cattle, they may have surmised the added risks well worth the savings in cost and time.



The Barlow Cutoff by William Henry Jackson 1930

Sam Barlow and Phillip Foster's construction of the Barlow Road in 1846 proved crucial in easing the difficulties faced by settlers on the final stage of their journey. Despite its rough and steep terrain, the road allowed large wagon trains to pass, thereby significantly improving travel conditions for many. But both routes were dangerous, for different reasons. C.B. West recorded camping at Barlow's Gate on August 8, 1853, after traveling south from the Indian Creek trading post for about five or six miles.[19] The toll over the Barlow Road was $5 a wagon and 10 cents per animal.[20]

The Road operated from 1848 to1884 after taking 2 years to build. The Cutoff to the Barlow Road – which is considered by some to be part of the road itself, and simply called Barlow's Cutoff by others – branched from the Oregon Trail about 2.5 miles west of the John Day River and led emigrants to the Tygh Valley and the main Barlow Road. It passed near the present-day towns of Moro and Grass Valley and then descended the ridge called

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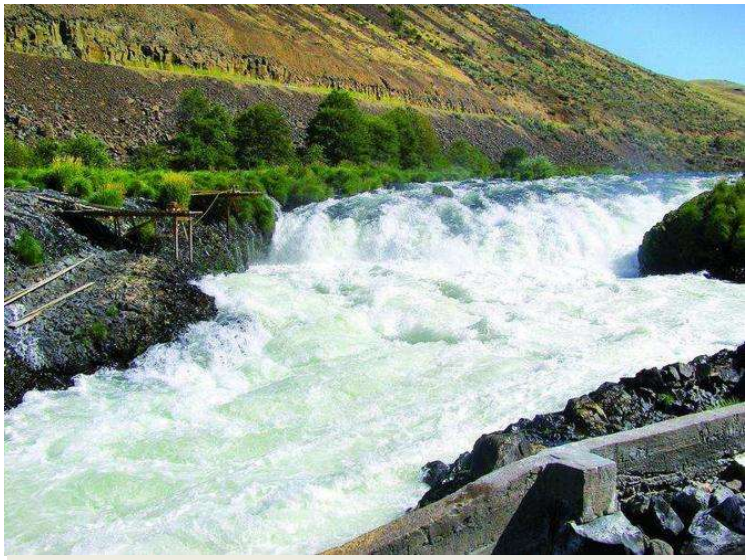
[18] Castle, Gwen. "Belshaw Journey, Oregon Trail, 1853." Oregon Historical Quarterly, vol. 32, no. 3, 1931, pp. 217–39. JSTOR, http://www.jstor.org/stable/20610656. Accessed 22 Jan. 2025.

[19] *Calvin B. West of the Umpqua: An Obscure Chapter in the History of Southern Oregon*. Edited by Reginald Ray Stuart and Grace D Stuart, p. 33

[20] *End of the Oregon Trail – Historic Oregon City. Barlow Cutoff.* Compiled by Karen Bassett, Jim Renner, and Joyce White; 1998, Oregon Trails Coordinating Council; https://historicoregoncity.org/2019/04/02/barlow-cutoff/

Hollenbeck Point to Buck Hollow Creek and its confluence with the Deschutes River. Emigrants learned to cross the Deschutes below Sherar's Falls after hearing of experiences like those of the Butlers recorded below. From Sherar's Falls, the emigrants continued west to Tygh Valley and the route's connection to the Barlow Road proper.



Sherar Falls continues to be a Native fishing spot

The emigrants caulked the wagon boxes and ferried their families and belongings across the Deschutes one mile north of Sherar's Bridge. Men often swam across guiding the livestock, but others paid Indians to do this for them.

Both George Miller West (no relation to C. B. West) and Isaac Butler of the Butler Train – both of whom traveled with the Leevers on the Barlow Pass the same week, and possibly together, recalled in letters to relatives in the states the troubles they had at the Deschutes River. Their party lost two mares and a mule over the Falls. Such losses were taken in stride, perhaps being assuaged by the light at the end of the tunnel. C.B. West's journal entry ends this leg on a positive note though – their party was able to buy salmon from Indians who were fishing from the ferry boat. The travelers were awed by the plentiful salmon below the falls, and the way in which the Indians could dive in and pull them out using only their bare hands.[21]

Isaac Smith, a member of the Butler Train, gave an accounting of livestock lost on the Barlow Road.

> *"We had 72 head of horses & mules and got here with 69 We started with 16 wagons and got here with 15 Edward Grounds had one to brake down, one mare stole & one drownded in de shoots river your father had one drownded at the same time."*[22]

G.M. West, in his reminiscences, described the tragic event as a desperate scramble for water. After days without access to water, the mules at the rear of the wagon train, parched and frantic, caught the scent of the water. In their frenzy, they surged forward, pushing the horses in front over the embankment and into the raging river. At least two

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[21] *George Miller West transcribed reminiscence of journey to Oregon*, CB W52, Special Collections & University Archives, University of Oregon Libraries, Eugene, Oregon. https://scua.uoregon.edu/repositories/2/resources/1920

[22] *Butler Family Letters - Letter to Brother and Sisters from Isaac Smith and Margret Smith*, August 17, 1853, Western Oregon University Archives, Hamersly Library

animals and one wagon were swept away by the powerful current and plunged over the falls.

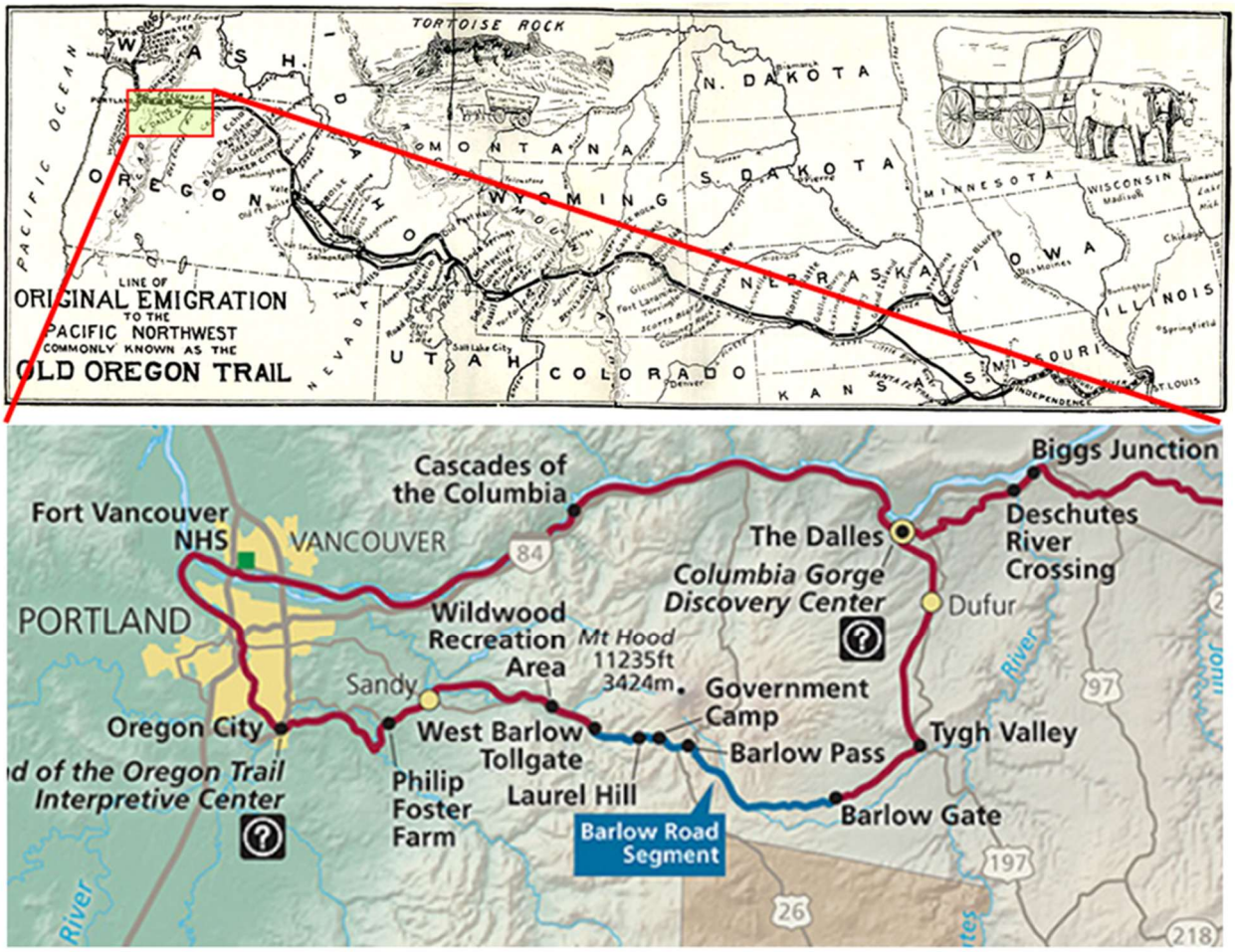
The Barlow Road presented other hazards as well, including hundreds of stumps left from clearing the trail. Steep inclines required wagons to be lowered down, or pulled up with ropes. So, it was as exhausting as it was dangerous.

A recent photo of the Barlow Road

Many considered Philip Foster's homestead and toll-gate to be the end of the Oregon Trail. It lay at the end of the Barlow Road near present-day Eagle Creek. While some consider the "end" to be the crossing of the Snake River, or arrival at the Umatilla Agency, and even arrival in "Oregon City," Foster's stood out for many because it was the first civilized homestead they had seen since they first ventured west. More than a home, it was a hub of commerce and conviviality. The sometimes-overcrowded rest stop, known simply as "Foster's Place" or "Foster's Ranch," accommodated weary but nevertheless elated travelers who paid to sleep on the family's parlor floor. The Fosters also provided home-cooked meals for the emigrants. Charging whatever the weary emigrants could afford, the Fosters thrived. Foster also established various facilities at his residence including blacksmith services, a designated cabin for housing overnight customers, as well as a thriving general store. The Philip Foster Farm has been preserved and is now open to visitors. It is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

Documents abstracted from Donation Land Claims and other records indicate the registry at Foster's (if there was such a thing) reflects the concurrent arrival of the following of men – along with unrecorded family members. However, these names may have been gathered from other sources – and likely contain errors – or merely reflect those who went on to file land claims. Cruzan, for example, while born in Ohio, emigrated from Indiana, though the entry below assumes they all came the entire way together.

"Left Defiance, OH 30 Apr 1853; arrived Foster's Ranch, OR, 13 Aug 1853. CORNWALL [Leever]; CRANK; CRUZEN, A. J.; HUBER; JACKSON; [William] LEAVER (sic.): ROOT, H.F.; WEST, Calvin B."[23]



This entry is the last record of Huber. His name does not show up on the Donation Land Claim registries, so he may have travelled on to California or returned to Ohio. Dr. D. E. Jackson is likewise missing from readily available Oregon Trail documents.

Part IV: About the Oregon Territory

"Oregon Country" had become a US territory in 1848 but even though the United States government laid claim to the territory, other nations such as Britain were still not ready to recognize US authority and still held out hope that their own citizens would settle

[23] Oregon Historical Society, Mss #692 - 33 pages typed

the vast area. Some thirty years earlier, in 1819, Secretary of State John Quincy Adams negotiated a treaty with Spain wherein Spain ceded the territory from Florida to the Oregon Country which effectively created the boundary between the US and New Spain (California).

A few years later Adams warned Russia that the United States would oppose any Russian attempts to occupy the territory. However, it wasn't until 1867 that Russia fully released the vestiges of "Russian America," a string of settlements that stretched from its capital in Sitka (now Alaska) down into California, including a number of forts in Hawaii.

In order to perfect the US claim, more Americans needed to hazard the risks of uprooting and moving west– usually giving up the hope of seeing their extended families ever again. The Donation Land Law of 1850 formalized the land law granting any single man 320 acres, with an additional 320 acres to his wife if he was married before 1851. This "donated" land came with conditions however; claimants were required to live on the land – which meant building a domicile – and cultivate it for four years in order to own it outright.

Land claim regulations changed frequently over the next few years with smaller and smaller allotments until national establishment of the Homestead Act in 1862. As intended, the promise of free land inspired many emigrants to take on and complete the difficult journey west.

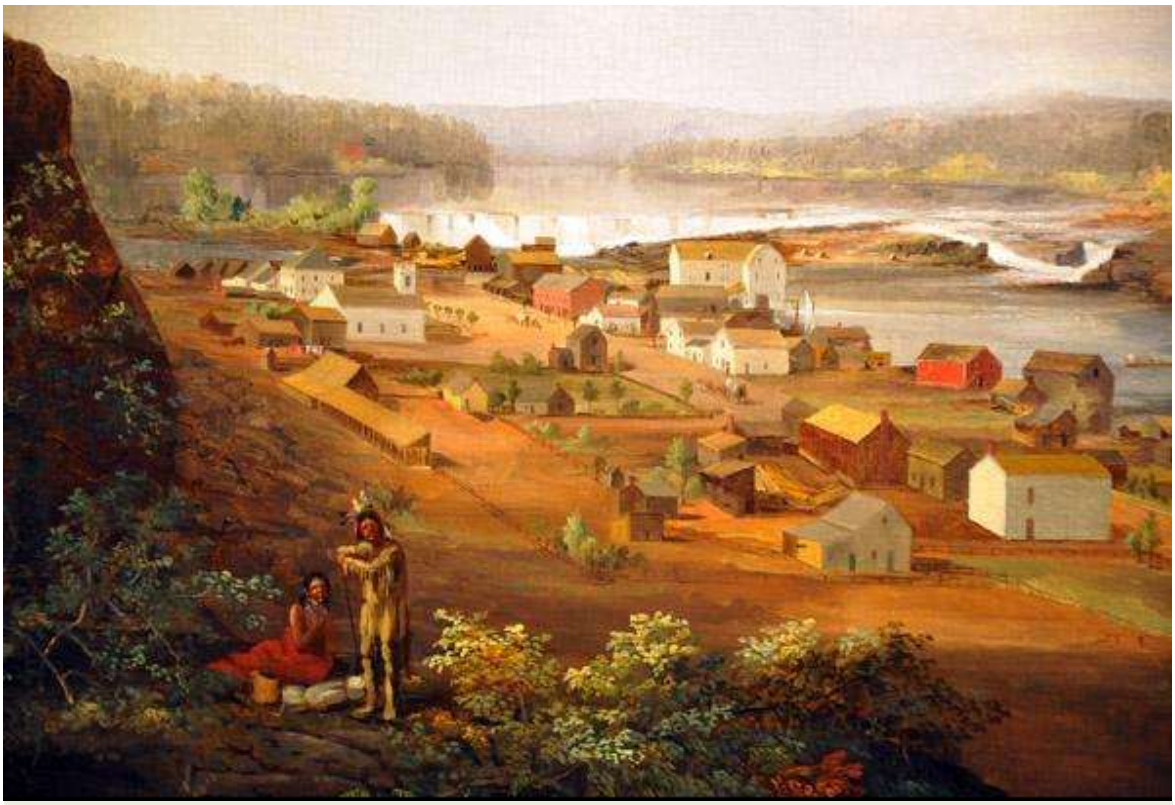
Emigrants Crossing the Plains by Albert Bierstadt 1867

Almost one in ten emigrants, some 20,000 or more, had lost their lives along the Oregon Trail before the Intercontinental Railroad was completed. Most were buried under the trail itself where wagons would pack the soil and reduce the likelihood that the bodies

would be dug up by wild animals. Every night emigrants would circle wagons, with the animals in the middle to protect them, and themselves, from wild animals and harassment by Indians. Death resulting from hostility with the Natives was very rare; and deaths of Indians at the hands of emigrants was likewise rare. In the years between 1840 and 1860 the highest estimate of emigrant death from hostilities for any one year was 60 (1851) and for Indians it was 76 (1850). In the year of the Leever trek there were only 7 such deaths for emigrants and 9 for Indians.[24]

Part V: The End of the Trail

Oregon City, the first incorporated town west of the Rockies (1844), became a common stop for emigrants traveling from the Umatilla Agency, whether by the Columbia River or the Barlow Road. It served as the *de facto* capital of the Oregon Territory shortly after the provisional government's establishment at Champoeg in 1843. However, in early



Oregon City on the Willamette River, John Mix Stanley, c. 1850-1852

1851, the territorial legislature relocated the capital to Chemeketa (present-day Salem). This decision stemmed largely from the Methodist Church's significant investments in Chemeketa since 1841, centered around their mission to the local Indigenous populations.

[24] Unruh, J. D. (1993). *The Plains Across: The Overland Emigrants and the Trans-Mississippi West, 1840-60*. United Kingdom: University of Illinois Press, p. 144

These investments included substantial buildings and residences suitable for legislative use, as well as Willamette University, founded in February 1842. The capital's location sparked heated and protracted debate, finally resolved in 1864. By then, with the Civil War raging, politicians and citizens found themselves preoccupied with far greater concerns.[25]

The Leever's journey – according to later family biographies – continued to Portland, certainly the most populous town that Cornwall and William had seen since leaving Independence, Missouri. However, what the brothers would not expect to see was how littered and thrown together it was. When it came to procuring building materials, no nearby tree was spared. In fact, many people called it Stumptown because the surrounding hills were scalped of all vegetation. It was almost like everyone they saw was either buying something, selling something, going somewhere, or getting away from someone. The brothers quickly understood why another of Portland's nicknames was the "Unheavenly City." It exhibited all the corruption of Cincinnati with none of its virtues. It was not unusual for innocent young men to be pulled or thrown through trap doors, or "deadfalls," that led to an extensive tunnel system under the streets – a practice called "shanghaiing" or "crimping." The captives were later sold as slaves – usually to ship captains who were hungry for deckhands necessary to ply the frenzied gold trade up and down the coast to San Francisco. So many of the deckhands who landed in San Francisco bolted straight for the gold fields of central California, which in turn meant that ship captains, either by hook or by crook, needed to find fresh "recruits" in San Francisco or other port towns along the Pacific coast where the practice common.

Portland was incorporated just two years before the Leevers' arrival (1851), and could now brag that it contained a steam sawmill, a crude hotel, and a newspaper called the Weekly Oregonian, along with a number of ramshackle shops, storefronts, and of course taverns. The town was now a small but thriving metropolis. Its inhabitants were largely transients – trappers, traders, ship crewman and roving emigrants eager to get to Oregon City, which was the largest town in Oregon Territory at the time, and deemed the end of the

[25] *Willamette Heritage Center*, "Why is the city of Salem Oregon's Capital?" Kylie Pine, https://www.willametteheritage.org/salem-oregons-capital/

Oregon Trail. Portland boasted almost 900 residents, but few were women and even fewer could be considered women of character. Portland was not the kind of place many respectable women would choose to raise a child. So, it was not surprising then that what few children lived in Portland at the time – if they went to school at all – were sufficiently served by the new "free school" which had opened the prior year, as well a handful of very small private and religious schools which were likely held in homes.

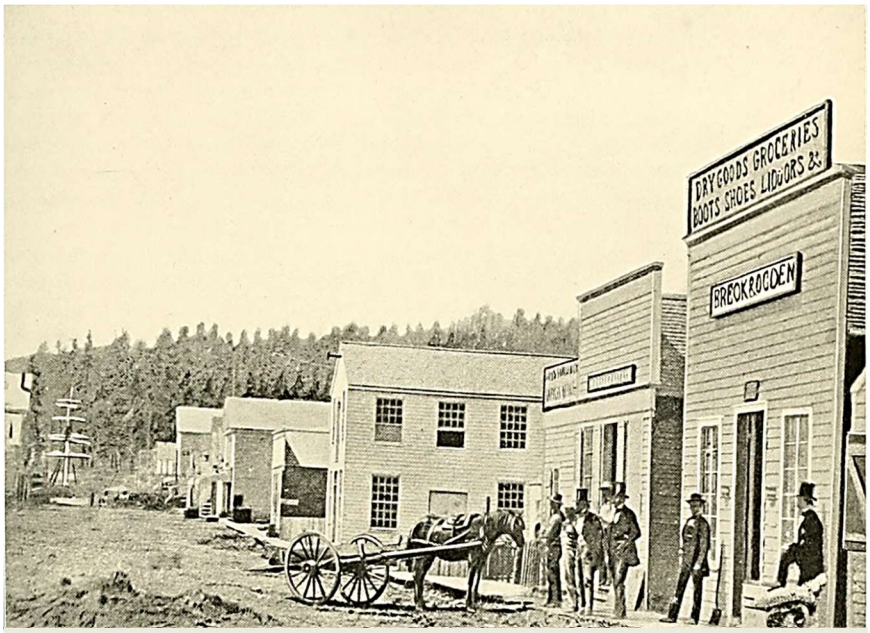


Figure 1Portland 1852

The brothers were compelled by two somewhat contradictory aspirations. Or rather, one necessity and one aspiration. The *necessity* was to find gainful employment as teachers. They could not last long on what little savings they still clung to. That being the case, it is understandable why the men would make a side-trip to Portland – the greater the population, the greater the need for teachers. The historical-biographical[26] references to this diversion notwithstanding, the aspiration of establishing land claims was one that had an expiration date. They might survive as itinerate teachers for several years, but if they settled too quickly into teaching, the opportunity to stake their land claims would evaporate. Whether or not the Portland detour actually occurred (which is dubious given the timeline), the Leevers were anxious to see more of the Territory, and most likely launched south along the Willamette River within a few weeks to a month after arriving in the valley.

The river "Willamette" takes its name from a native fishing spot at the falls near Oregon City. The Clackamas Chinook and Kalapuyan Indians called it "Wallamt." The final 'mt' mean river, and was roughly pronounced 'met' which in the early 1800's the French trappers transliterated into the French version, 'mette.'

The brothers were aware of many other small communities popping up in the vast valley between the high desert and the Pacific Ocean. Not only had they heard of these settlements back in Ohio, they actually knew people – whole families who had come to the Oregon Territory before them, and had written back to family and friends about the

[26] See *Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon* by Chapman Publishing Company, Chicago, 1904 https://archive.org/details/portraitbiographwo00inchap/page/764/mode/2up?q=leever

Willamette Valley. A “land of milk and honey” it was called – with soil so fertile as to yield a bounteous crop of most any kind with very little effort. So, they intended to visit these families – and meet other new emigrants along the way – trading their labor for food and a dry place to roll out their beds; and of course, they wrote their own letters home, trying to sound as hopeful as they could during the rainy days of the winter of 1853-54. Many of such letters ended up being published by their home-town newspapers.

A letter, written by the same Isaac Constant in whose field William was working when we began our story, serves as an example. 40-year-old Mr. Constant had gone to the Oregon Territory early in the year of 1849 on the advice of his doctor, to see if it might improve his health.

> *FROM OREGON. – The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Isaac Constant, of Wolf Creek, in this [Sangamon] county, who left this place last spring for Oregon, as well for his health as "to see what he could see"— dated Oregon City, Oregon Ter., Oct. 1, 1849.*
>
> *“We arrived in the valley of Willamette on the 10th of September, all well and in fine spirits. I am in better health than I have been for the four last years. The boys who came with me have gone to the gold mines. I shall stay here this winter, and shall go home in the spring if I can get company and if not I shall wait till next winter and go round by water.*
>
> *We have had a pleasant trip of the kind. We made the trip in four months. We left Watson on the west side of the Black Hills. His company thought we traveled too fast for them. They will get in about twenty days after us.*
>
> *I have been at Hussey's, Burden's, Burd's and Yodom's. They are all well and doing well. I have not seen much of the country yet, but I am pleased with what I have seen. It is a healthy country. The people look fresh and healthy. A man can make a living here with half the labor he can in the States.*
>
> *Provisions in the city and through the country are high. Bacon is 25 cents a lb., beef from 8 to 12 per lb., butter and cheese 50 cents per lb., potatoes $2 per bushel, onions $4 per bushel, wheat $2 per bushel, flour from 6 to 8 cents per lb. Wages are almost in proportion. Common laborers are getting from $4 to $6 a day, carpenters from $8 to $12, clerks from 1 to 2,000 dollars a year and board.*
>
> *The people of Oregon have nearly all been to the mines. They have made from one to ten thousand dollars each. A man can make from 16 to $50 a day in the mines,*

but it is very sickly. I thought if I wanted to labor, I could do well enough here. I can get $16 a thousand for shingles, and can make from 10[00] to 1200 a day . . . " [27]

While the aforementioned biographies of the Leevers' descendants state that the men taught in the "village of Portland" before heading south, it is more likely that they hastily ventured south to the Santiam Valley since other still biographers indicate both brothers were employed as teachers there during the 1853-54 term. Additionally, C.B. West notes in his journal[28] that on his trek south to the Umpqua he stopped – on August 19th of 1853 – for a spell at the homestead of one of the Crabtree clans in Linn County, all of whom became Cornwall's neighbors. If the Leevers were still in the company of West at least up until this juncture, (he doesn't say either way,) then it means they definitely did *not* visit Portland since their group had only arrived at Foster's ranch less than a week before. Any definitive connection between C.B. West and the Leevers beyond this point seems lost to history.[29]

West took up a claim on the Umpqua and was tireless in putting down roots, and founding his church and the Umpqua Academy. Upon hearing his wife was deathly ill in 1854, West left the Umpqua and returned home to Ohio. She recovered, and while home he was formally ordained by the Baptist Church.[30] The family set off for Oregon again by ship around the horn the following year. West and his family cared for others who contracted cholera on a stop in South America. Then he contracted the disease himself from those he cared for. Several days north of Panama on the last leg to San Francisco, West succumbed to the disease and was buried at sea. His bereaved family ventured on and settled in the Umpqua Valley.

Part VI: South to the Santiam, 1853

"I like the dreams of the future better than the history of the past." – Thomas Jefferson

Both the Leever men were well-acquainted with Oregon's Donation Land law, which Congress had affirmed in 1850 but was set to eventually expire. As more claims were filed, Congress would need to revise the law to be less generous or even halt the grants altogether. By 1850, the 320 acres granted to single men and the 640 acres granted to

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[27] *Illinois Daily Journal,* Springfield, February 26, 1850, page 2

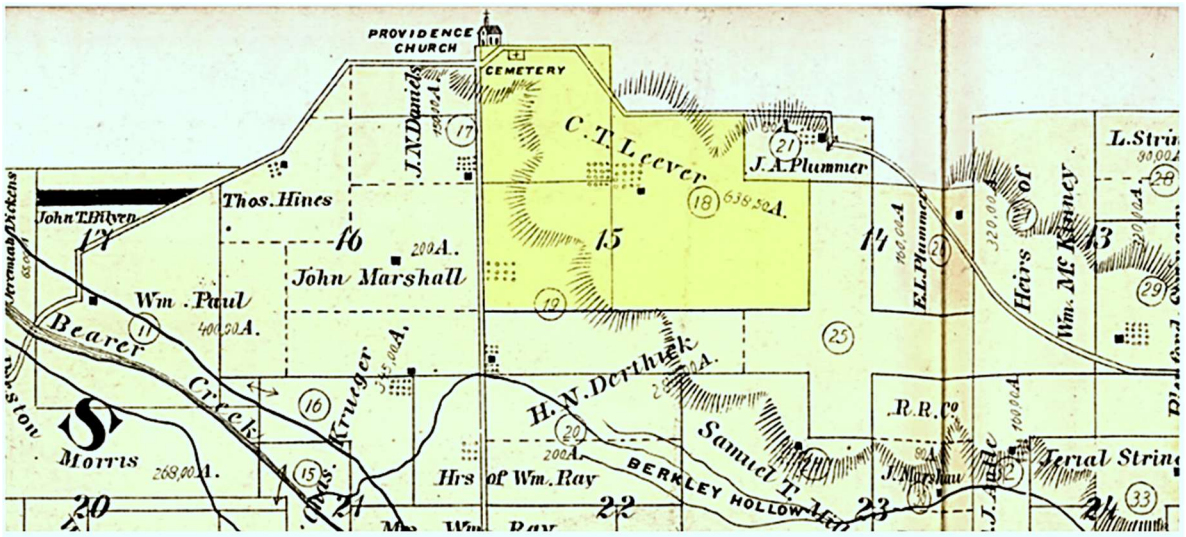
[28] *Calvin B. West of the Umpqua: An Obscure Chapter in the History of Southern Oregon*. Edited by Reginald Ray Stuart and Grace D Stuart, p. 37

[29] What appears probable is that they kept in touch through a mutual friend, Rev. James S. Read who founded the Table Rock Baptist church in Jackson County. The church figures prominently in William's story later on. Aaron Rose of Deer Creek (later Roseburg) was also a mutual acquaintance.

[30] *History of Defiance County, Ohio. Containing a history of the count . . .* p. 172, 192, https://archive.org/stream/cu31924006137578/cu31924006137578_djvu.txt

married couples had been reduced to 160 acres and 320 if married. Thus, Cornwall and William were in a hurry to stake their land claims as soon as possible (or to buy out claims from others who disliked the associated requirements). This is precisely what they did. Nearly a year had passed since they had arrived in the Oregon Territory, and this area seemed as splendid a place as any to establish their home.

The records suggest that while both men applied for 160-acre claims in early 1854, the claim made by William had a prior claim by an individual named Peter Smith, whose whereabouts was unknown. As a result, William's claim (DLC 3971) was rejected upon review in Oregon City. This was not an uncommon occurrence; in the frantic rush to stake claims, settlers sometime inadvertently claimed land that had already been claimed. Given that a donation land claim came with specific conditions, settlers often filed claims without certainty whether the prior claim's conditions had been fulfilled or expired. To further complicate matters, claim-jumping was a regular practice, with unscrupulous individuals sometimes falsely asserting ownership of a claim they did not actually possess. Another claim – this one filed by the brothers together – had failed as well, although the records are sketchy. A claim map from the period shows both William and Cornwall's name on claim 4278, although it was later confirmed to have been settled by a Joseph Meek and wife.



The Linn County Donation Land Claim of Cornwall T Leever

While William's claim was rejected, Cornwall's next attempt (DLC 2168), submitted April 1, 1854, was well documented and accepted. This is land on the eastern side of what is now called Richardson Gap Road in the Providence area south of the town of Scio. His farm eventually grew to over 800 acres.[31] A later map of the claim shows the Providence Church (originally a log structure but subsequently replaced with a frame building), which still stands and is used for worship and weddings today. The adjoining cemetery is on land

[31] *Albany Democrat*., August 09, 1901, p. 7. The claim (DLC 2168) surrounds what is now 40314 Providence Rd. Scio, Oregon.

presumably donated by Cornwall for that purpose.[32] For one winter term William taught in a small log cabin schoolhouse in Providence. But when school was out for Summer, William found himself heading even further south into the Willamette Valley – parting with his older brother for the first extended period since leaving Ohio.

Part VII: From the Santiam to the Umpqua Valley, 1854

The brothers had discussed for over two years the dream of claiming land near each other. So, it was with a measure of sadness that William saddled up to scout his prospects in the southern territory. Traveling with not much more than the clothes on his back, and fresh provisions collected during his stay in Linn County, William had his choice of routes south. He may have taken the route described by C. B. West which passed through what is now called Brownsville and Coburg, or he could choose the old 1846 Applegate Trail that followed the general path of what later became Highway 99. Both merged into one where Eugene is now.

> *The Applegate Trail split into two routes in the northern Umpqua Valley. The eastern route, established in 1846 by Jesse Applegate, Levi Scott, Moses "Black" Harris and twelve others from Polk County, Passed through Cottage Grove, Creswell, Eugene, and Junction City—It is approximated today by River Road and Highway 99. The western route, an ancient Kalapuya Indian trace and a Hudson's Bay Company "trapper's trail" until the 1840s, was the most widely used alternate route. Known also as the "California Trail," it became a wagon road in the late 1840s. Today, Territorial Road closely follows this historic trail.*[33]

William was probably not entirely alone on his trek south, since traveling alone invited the unwanted attention of the Natives. The Indians had become gradually more wary about the ever-increasing number of white settlers, although during 1854 the Willamette Valley was fairly safe due to several treaties with government officials. The small party reduced risk by hopping from farm to scattered farm so they could sleep in relative safety. They visited acquaintances who were once neighbors back in the states, or 'friends of friends.' Hospitality and comradery among the pioneers were more common in those days, and what food and drink the settlers could provide the men was repaid in stories from home

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[32] Article on Providence Church in *Oregon Historic Landmarks -- Willamette Valley*, published by the Oregon Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, 1963 by Lenore Powell, says the church was built on the farm of famed evangelist Joab Powell (arrived 1853). However, this is unlikely since his claim was one section north of the church, i.e., north of what is now Fish Hatchery Rd.

[33] *The Applegate Trail - Southern Route to Oregon;* https://www.hmdb.org/m.asp?m=116837, by Douglass Halvorsen, April 26, 2018.

and news from the trail . . . Had they encountered any trouble with the Indians? Who had they met on their way west? Had they heard from so-and-so?

Similar to the pattern William experienced on the Oregon Trail, he and his few companions would stay a few days or more with a family. However, instead of sleeping under the stars, he would bed down in the living room or the barn of his hosts depending on the weather. Sometimes the accommodations were so meager – families of six or more living in a one-room log cabin – that he actually preferred to sleep outside in the cold. They might provide their hosts with some manual assistance in construction, harvesting, splitting wood, or helping with animals. Then, when their dues were paid, they set off south again.

From the Applegate trailhead near Dallas, the men rode past the village of Marysville – which had just been renamed Corvallis – and holds the honor of being Oregon's first incorporated town. Travelling the eastern flank of the Willamette required a crossing of the wide river at Skinner's Mudhole, which recently had taken on the moniker of Eugene City. The cohort would be aided in their crossing by Eugene Skinner himself, who had recently built a ferry to assist the increasing number of immigrants traveling up and down the valley.

One the other hand, if they took the old eastern route, the group could avoid a crossing though the trail was more difficult. Either way, Skinner's camp was a critical stop. It included a trading post/post office on the flanks of Ya-Po-Ah butte, which was the Kalapuya name meaning "isolated mountain." Today, Eugeneans call it Skinners Butte.

Further south, William's path led through the William Shields claim which would eventually become the town of Cottage Grove; then onto Sutherlin, then Winchester, and in the Fall of 1854, ending up at Deer Creek – the trading post and homestead of Aaron Rose.[34] Mr. Rose had arrived in the southern end of the valley two years and some odd months earlier, and by all accounts was a visionary and ambitious man. In 1851 he had built the first wooden structure in the area – a crude building about five or six yards square and lined with shelves upon which he stacked what foodstuffs and useful merchandise he could procure in quantity; behind the small dry goods area he had a dining room – which is another way of saying "saloon" – and kitchen. Originally, guests could use the floor of the front room to spread their beds or were able to sleep out of doors under nearby oak trees. His first structure – known as the Deer Creek Post Office, served as a roadside inn and tavern for many years.[35]

Building on his early successes, Mr. Rose built a proper hotel about a year before William arrived and began scouting out the area. Mr. Rose envisioned just such visitors as William, coming south from Oakland, or north from Canyonville, trail weary and looking for a hot meal, and maybe a soft bed. Perhaps out of Methodist economy, William chose the floor in front of the grocery. If you paid your one dollar for dinner, you could roll out your

[34] An introduction of William to Mr. Rose may have been facilitated by C. B. West, who had come to know the elder man since arriving in the county the previous year according to West's diary.

[35] https://nzt.eth.link/wiki/Roseburg%2C_Oregon.html

bed for free. But it is more likely William chose a room in the hotel with the hopes of a better night's rest and maybe a bath given how long he had been on the trail. Bathers reused the hot water, one after another. Either way it was clear that Aaron Rose was doing good business. That same year the town of Deer Creek was renamed Roseburg.

When word got around to Mr. Rose that one of visitors passing through was a teacher looking for work, he eagerly enlisted William to teach his two daughters, Emily who was 11 and Lucy who was 10, probably with a small number of other children. This arrangement was in exchange for what comforts and amusements that Mr. Rose and his new "settlement" could afford. The arrangement may have served Mr. Rose and his two daughters more than it served William, since, as Lucy accounted much later,

> *I was born two years after my sister Emily. My mother died at my birth. My father married again when I was 15 months old . . . When I was born no other woman was with my mother and she had no doctor. No minister was to be had, so she was buried without any ceremony. Later her parents sent for her body and it was shipped around the Horn to her old home in the east. My step-mother, Sarah Rose (Chauncy), had black hair, gray-green eyes, and was of a slender build. She treated my sister Emily and I with unbelievably cruelty, and we never told our father, for she said, "If you tell your pa, I will kill him." We believed she would, so we never told, but she is dead, and though she embittered our childhood it is profitless to discuss it now.*[36]

Mr. Rose's interest in putting some distance between the girls and their stepmother could have been a partial motivation to enlist William's tutelage. Especially since his second wife had her own 5-year-old boy – by Aaron – to care for and was obviously indifferent to the education of her step-daughters.

However uncomfortable this arrangement became, William could not renege on his agreement to Mr. Rose, nor could he abandon these two precocious girls to the wanton contempt of their stepmother; but once his "contract"[37] was up the following Spring of 1855, he gave up his "hotel room," and set out south once again, determined to find a place

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[36] *The Oregon Journal,* January 11, 1915, p 201

[37] A "term" might be anywhere from 3 to 6 months depending on the season, and contractual obligations. Most every school was supported by the parents whose children were enrolled. In the case of Aaron Rose, he likely hired William to tutor from Fall 1854 and through the Winter term into 1855.

to make a home and settle down. His next destination was the Rogue River Valley – and if he had no success finding employment as a teacher there, he was encouraged to look up a Mr. Isaac Constant whose claim straddled the Bear Creek north of the Indian Agency. A history of the region reads,

> *. . . before the first settlers arrived in the Rogue Valley in the mid-1800s, Native Americans of several tribes enjoyed the natural fruits of the valley soil. The native peoples gathered huckleberries, blackberries, salmon berries and manzanita berries. Women wove baskets tight enough to cook food in, and they ground acorns into flour.*
>
> *The men hunted deer, elk and antelope with bow and arrow, then smoked the meat. "The rivers at the time were so full of salmon that they could stand along the banks of the streams and spear fish as fast as they could take them out of the river," said Lettie Magruder, daughter of Constantine Magruder and granddaughter to Isaac Constant, one of Central Point's first merchants. But the peace known by the hunting and gathering peoples of southern Oregon ended in 1851 with a ferry across the Rogue River at Woodville, now called Rogue River. Settlers trickled in, including Isaac Constant.*[38]

Part VIII: Back at the Constant Farm - Thursday, December 13, 1855

The following is a fictionalized account drawn from the diary and recorded memories of Welborn Beeson.[39]

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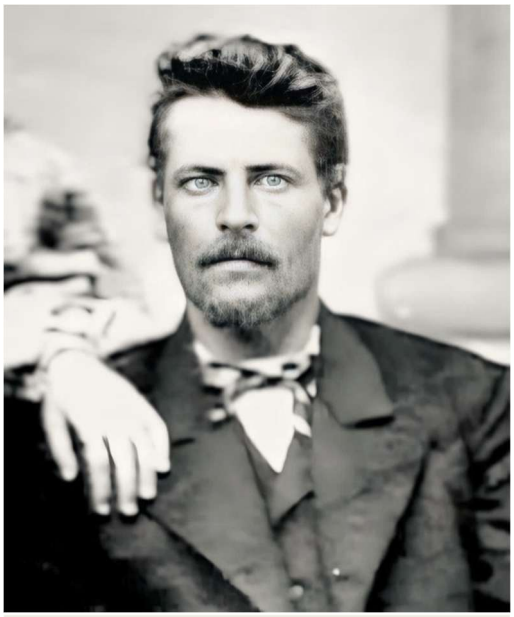
[38] Joseph G. Follansbee; *Central Point Stories*, Table Rock Sentinel, May/June 1989

[39] *Diary of Welborn Beeson.* "Thursday December 13, 1855 -- I went down to Mr. Constance [sic] to try to engage a school Teacher. It rained in the afternoon." A later, more detailed recollection by Welborn said, "The southern part of Jackson County was now prepared to have a school but a teacher was yet to be found. It was learned that a young man from the East had lately arrived at Uncle Isaac Constant's, down toward the mouth of Bear Creek. A committee of one was appointed to go and see the young man, and try to engage him to teach the Wagner Creek School. On arriving at [the] Constant's the committee found that the young man was across Bear Creek, driving [a] four yoke of oxen to a breaking plow, but would be in to dinner soon, and being invited to stay to dinner, the committee accepted and did not have long to wait until the gentleman came in. He at first thought he would accept the proposition of one hundred dollars per month as school teacher rather than drive oxen, but after a private talk with one of Uncle Constant's pretty daughters (of which he had several) the young man declined the offer, and the Wagner Creek committee on teacher had to return and report a failure. Within a few weeks we heard of a wedding at the Constant residence. The couples are still alive and have raised a numerous family of native sons and daughters of Jackson County." - Welborn Beeson, *Ashland Tidings*, September 16, 1892. Note: Welborn Beeson was the "committee of one;" apparently, he's confusing a later incident with hiring Wagner Creek's first teacher. – Ed." *Ashland Tidings*, September 16, 1892

As the young man approached, William was struck by his youthful appearance. Handsome, with piercing hazel eyes, he extended his hand. William, after wiping his own hand on his trousers, returned the gesture. William estimated the young man to be in his early twenties – in reality, he was only 19.



Welborn Beeson, ten years later in 1866

"Excuse the interruption sir, I won't keep you long. May I introduce myself?" the young man asked, but did not wait for a reply. "My name is Welborn Beeson. And you are Mr. Leever?"

"Yes, that's right. William Leever."

"I've been told you are a teacher?"

"Correct again sir," he said, "although you did not surmise that by my current employ."

"No indeed," said Welborn, "although I see you know your way about a plow. I've been told of your inquiries about employment – as a teacher that is – and that's what I wish to speak to you about."

William was very curious now. He looked up at the darkening sky and said, "I would like that as well Mr. Beeson, but as you can see, I need to get a few more rows in and get the animals put away before the skies open up."

"Yes, of course," Welborn said apologetically and glanced up at the sky. "I understand you dinner with the Constants. I have been invited to dine as well. Perhaps we can talk then?"

William nodded. "Of course."

"Excellent, excellent. Thank you, Mr. Leever, I will see you shortly. Please do not hurry on my account. Mr. Constant will keep me engaged, I'm sure."

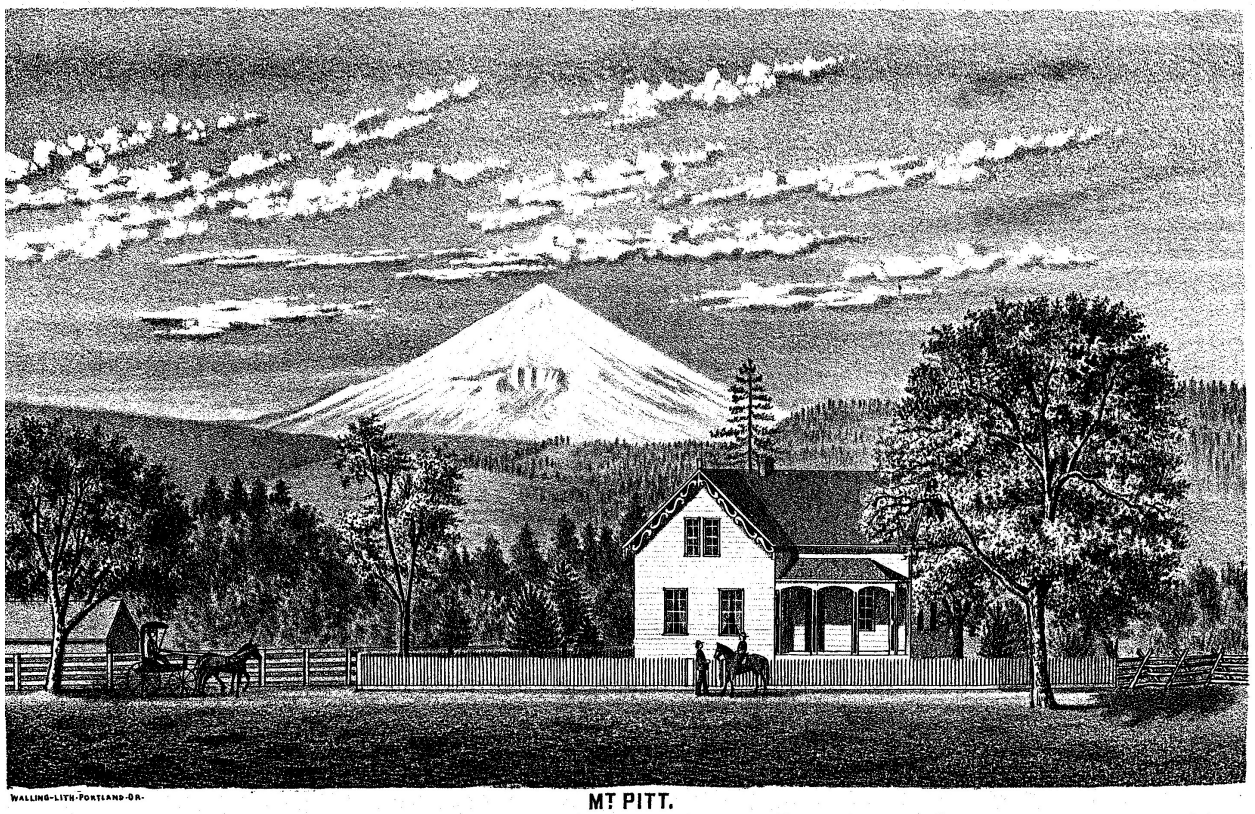
"Very well," said William as he stepped back into the plow and nodded to the boy with the prod to get the oxen moving again. William had read *The Last of the Mohicans* by James Fenimore Cooper while home in Ohio; and this encounter reminded William of a quote from Cooper, "A refined simplicity is the characteristic of all high bred deportment . . . "[40] for Welborn's decorum surpassed his apparent age.

William wearily dragged himself around to the large back porch after seeing that his helper successfully got the oxen into their stalls – since rain seemed imminent. The front porch was reserved for guests and for socializing. At the bottom of the steps, he bent down and tried to scrap as much mud off his boots as he could. On a bench next to the door, he saw Mr. Constant's carpentry tools. The house was still under construction. A sawmill had

[40] James Fenimore Cooper; *The American Democrat: Or, Hints on the Social and Civic Relations of the United States of America, 1838, p. 152*

just been constructed by Emerson Gore the year before and another by Milton Lindley earlier in the year. Settlers like Mr. Constant were anxious to abandon their log cabins in favor of respectable homes.[41]

He could smell the warm bread and turkey gravy as he poured cold water from a bucket into the shallow tin basin using a large ladle. On the weathered table there were also a chipped stoneware bowl with a slab of lye soap and a couple of old feed bags for drying one's hands. As he was doing just that, one of the Constant girls, Margery, bolted out from the kitchen door toward the water pump swinging a tin pitcher. This was a chore repeated many times a day by the younger children.



MT PITT.
FARM RESIDENCE OF ISAAC CONSTANT, CENTRAL POINT, JACKSON CO.

Isaac and his wife had one son and five daughters. Their son, William Thomas, had been helping William with the oxen earlier. Their daughters were Lizzie who was 16, Julia who was 14, and Margery who was 10. Their eldest, Lavinia, had married the previous year

[41] The Constant's oldest daughter Lavinia recounted later, "The new residence faced the county road leading through the valley from north to south. It contained five bedrooms, parlor, living room and kitchen, a large pantry and several closets. It had a large front and rear porch, and underneath the house was built a large stone-walled [foundation]. The rear porch during hot weather was used as a dining room." Lavinia Jane Constant Robinson, *A Brief Review of the Life of Isaac Constant, A New Home in Oregon. http://www.oregonpioneers.com/constant.htm*

to Dr. Jesse Robinson from the Manzanita District. The youngest daughter, Eliza, was too young to assist with dinner being just 4 years old. Isaac and Lucinda lost at least 3 other children, at least two before they made their trek to the Territory in 1852.

When William was still outside brushing himself off, Lizzie moved close to her mother beside the massive wood stove she had brought from Illinois.

"I don't see how father can be forever inviting others for supper at the last moment," she whispered.

"'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'" Lucinda replied, quoting Apostle Paul's admonition to the Hebrews.

"If so many angels need to sup with us then there must be a famine in heaven," Lizzie answered, then added, "Father had me wrap up some of our supper in a napkin yesterday, and I saw him take it out to the gate. And no, I did not give him one of your good napkins – I knew we might never see it again. I'm sure that supper was for the Indian boy."

Isaac and Lucinda Constant, before 1852

Mrs. Constant shuddered at the word 'famine.' Two winters earlier there was snow and freezing weather. Starving Indians were driven down from the mountains into the valley because the snow was so deep and hunting was impossible. They set up their wigwams along the Bear Creek. Her husband saw that they were starving, so he visited their camp and guided the Indian Chief Sam (To-qua-he-ar) to his potato patch – his first harvest since arriving to the valley – and pointed out to him where he could dig (albeit through snow) all the potatoes they needed to get them through until they could hunt again.[42] He also showed them where to access his root cellar.

Lucinda said nothing about this, but sighed. "Lizzie, let's trust God. We have plenty for today. The men are coming in. Did you set another place at the table?"

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[42] "Spud Parings Grow Big Crop. Pioneer Constant Feeds Hungry Reds, Makes Friends." *Central Point Herald,* February 15, 1912, page 1

William stepped into the warm kitchen which was alive with activity. Julia scooted by with a pie to set out on the porch to cool. As was customary, he asked Mrs. Constant how he could help, and as was customary she thanked him but insisted he make his way to the dining room, which was really an area at the far end of a large room separated from the kitchen by a pantry and a china cupboard.

Lucinda and her daughters were conveying plate after plate to the dining table, and William had to make way a couple times. He greeted Mr. Constant and Welborn, and nodded to Lizzie who answered with a slight smile as she pulled out a chair. He pulled out the chair across from her – partly because she was a striking young lady and he enjoyed looking at her –but also because he appreciated her animated forthrightness and eagerness to engage in every discussion.

He had never met a young lady like her. His sisters back home were quite a bit younger. He had a sister, also named Elizabeth, who would have been a year younger, but she had died when she was six. William wondered if his sister, had she lived, would be like this forward and enigmatic young woman. He had been raised with mostly brothers, and all his time at the University was also among men. So even though William had twenty-six years under his belt, he was still mystified by the female gender. During the year in Mr. Constant's employ, William and Lizzie had begun with respectful but distant curiosity, evolving into a casual friendship, and by the Fall of 1855 into an unexpressed affection. Many times, Lizzie would take William's dinner out to him in the field when he could not leave the animals, and the two would talk together while William ate.

Once grace was said, the table erupted in voices and the clattering of serving utensils on tin plates. Mr. Beeson leaned into William and began extolling the merits of education and the dearth of opportunity among the growing number of children in the valley. Mrs. Constant was making sure everyone was being served. The younger girls giggled and teased each other.

Fairly quickly, the conversation between the adults turned to politics and "the Indian question." Not a week went by without news of atrocities against the Indians by the "volunteer militias," or against settlers by the native tribes. William was content to listen and learn from what Mr. Constant and Mr. Beeson were saying. But when asked, he offered thoughtful opinions based on his experiences during the last three years. Much of the discussion pertained to the unceasing efforts of Welborn's father John, to turn back the hatred and bloodshed being visited upon the Indians in the valley.

Welborn recounted how several years earlier, in Illinois, he conducted runaway slaves into Canada at the behest of his father, a staunch Illinois abolitionist – like Mr. Constant.

In the winter of 1855–56 the elder Beeson wrote numerous letters to newspaper editors throughout Oregon and California, saying that Indians should be compensated for their lands, that the Rogue River War being waged against them was unjust, and that the

militia and volunteers fighting in that war should not be paid. Not one of his letters was published. Postal clerks suppressed some; others the editors flatly refused to publish. His supporters were few in the valley, and some who opposed him sought his extermination along with the Indians.

There was a lull in the conversation, and Welborn used it to guide the discussion back around to the principal reason for his visit. “Mr. Leever, I see we are like-minded in most every respect. If you do as well at teaching children as you do at plowing fields – which I believe to be the case – then I’m prepared to offer you one hundred dollars per month for the six months school is in session. When the children are home the other months you can hone your plowing skills (he winked) or pursue whatever occupation you desire.”

William did not hesitate in showing interest in the offer, but silently wondered how such a salary might be guaranteed. One hundred per month was not an extravagant sum in the 1850’s, but it was more than a farmhand might receive. Like all other schools in that time, Eden School was a subscription school – meaning families only paid for the months they had children in class – it was only in session during the winter months when the children were less needed on the farm. While regular employment sounded attractive, William could only count on another $300-$500 in the off-season.

Sensing that William was about to make a firm agreement with Welborn, Lizzie stood and began gathering up the dishes to take to the kitchen. As she expected, her father began to protest, “Oh Lizzie just let the dishes lay. We will take them in later.” Whenever he said this, it meant he didn’t want the women bustling about when the conversion was coming to a head.

“Mother won’t have any of that, as you well know. Besides, I need to make room for the pie.” The men smiled and leaned back in their chairs. She smiled back. “This won’t take but a few minutes – especially if Mr. Leever lends me a hand.”

William was startled, but her look told him she was serious. He had offered his help with the dishes many times since arriving and was almost always rebuffed. But he obediently stood and began collecting dishes as well.

Lucinda quickly deduced what was happening, and understood that Lizzie wanted to speak to William alone. While William followed Lizzie to the kitchen her mother said, “William, I have set the pies out on the back porch to cool. Could you and Lizzie please check them and bring them in?” She suspected an extra measure of privacy might be appropriate.

Once the dishes were set down in the kitchen, William and Lizzie stepped out onto the covered back porch as the rain came and went in quiet waves. William was very curious now because Lizzie showed no interest in the pies setting on the wash table and covered with an apron.

Dall-E AI-generated image with proprietary prompts. Not for commercial re-use.

"Mr. Leever . . . "

"'William,'" he corrected. Not for the first time.

"William . . . I do not mean to interfere in your dealings with young Beeson," she began.

"As you are still a newcomer to the valley, I hope you will allow me a moment to speak plainly about this proposal he has laid in your lap."

"Please do," said William. He was enjoying this rare attention.

"As you may have suspected," she began, "It is Welborn's father – John Beeson – who is a wise and sincere man to be sure – who has sent his son on this mission to procure a teacher for the Eden School,[43] which has not really been constructed yet as they still hold school at the Fort – but be that as it may – the elder Beeson has raised the ire of many settlers in this valley – particularly the miners – because of his outspoken sympathies for the Indians. My father desires to befriend both settler and native alike until a lasting peace can be found. His generosity to the Indians during the starvation has been repaid with a promise of safety – which they have honored.[44] But the Rogues are sure to continue their retaliation for the atrocities they have recently endured. Although elder Beeson's intentions are pure, his methods have sown hostility and now

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[43] Elton Petri, *Early History of the Talent School*, May 15, 1973; http://talentfriends.org/school_history.html

[44] *"So well did Mr. Constant understand the loyalty and friendship of the Indians that he invariably succeeded in his dealings with them, converting their deep-seated hatred of the whites in general into perfect friendship for himself. At the outbreak of the Rogue River War Chief Joseph*, mindful of many kindnesses on the part of his friend, specially dispatched a messenger in the person of his favorite daughter, Mary, assuring the Constant family of their absolute safety should they desire to continue on the home farm. Mr. Constant possessed a large heart and comprehensive insight into the Indian question, and in his judgment dealt fairly with themselves and their grievances. Many times he considered the whites the aggressors, and his attitude of tolerance inspired many of the settlers to follow his humane example."* Excerpted from, *Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon*, Chapman Publishing Co., Chicago, 1904, pages 764-765. *Note that grandson Wm Constant Leever recalled it was Chief Sam. *Central Point American,* February 16, 1933, page 1

reaped bodily threats against his person. I bid you consider how closely you align yourself to the Beesons at this time."

"I can see you have thought about this . . ." William began in reply.

"Yes," interrupted Lizzie – at the risk of rambling, "and I have thought about *you* . . ." She hesitated. "What I mean to say, is that I wish for you to do well here and stay in the Valley – if that is your desire." She realized she was being too forward and tried to steer the conversation elsewhere. "There has been a new school established in the Manzanita District on the road to Jacksonville. Could you get on there? Furthermore, have you considered securing a land claim before opportunity runs dry?" She was trying not to sound desperate. "You ought to consider your whole future, and not just tomorrow. Have you already conveyed your interest in the teaching position to Welborn?"

"I have . . . somewhat." William answered, and then paused. He knew that at least part of his hesitation about the offer was related to the half-day horse ride between the Eden schoolhouse[45] and the Constant home. It would require a commitment to move south.

"But I feel even more interested in *your* interest in my interests."

Lizzie took this in and William watched her cheeks flush. She thought she could hide her feelings better. She looked away into the darkness as rain pounded the roof overhead, wondering if it was too late.

When she turned her gaze back to William, he said, "Miss Lizzie . . . Elizabeth . . . Forgive me. I don't mean to make light of your concern for me. I find it endearing, and I agree that I should be more circumspect."

It was William's turn to feel embarrassed. He hoped he was not mistaken about the real subject of this conversation. How could this *almost* 17-year-old girl have such an effect on him? "I know you are not without your admirers – but if you find yourself agreeable to being courted, I would joyfully give myself to that task. And with your permission, I would like to convey my intentions to your father. Even with his blessing, I'd also need to impose upon your parents a little longer till we could make plans."

This was happening so fast; Lizzie could hardly think. She replayed his words in her head. She wanted to sit down. She looked at the pie in her hands, then quickly back to his face.

"Mr. Leever . . . if you are toying with me . . . "

"I assure you I am not."

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[45] *Transcripts of the California and Oregon travel diary (Library of Congress MMC-1892) of artist & illustrator James Mason Hutchings.* February 5, 1855 *"Cloudy & warm. From South Mountain House to 'Eden' School Dist., Rogue River Valley, 22 miles. "Had pretty good quarters last night at Cole's (M.H.). Hughes' [Hugh Barron's] Bear Valley is two miles north of [North] Mountain House. From Cole's to Rogue River Valley--a distance of about 14 miles--the road is very heavy and clayey mud. The horse feet when drawn out go off like corks from large bottles, such is the suction of the mud; at other times the water from an old hoof hole would squirt 6 or 8 feet above one's head when on horseback. Plug! plug! plug! would be the music."*

Another pause, "Then yes. *William*. I *am* agreeable." She smiled – but then turned serious again. "But please wait until tomorrow to approach Father. I need to speak to Mother first."

Just then, the back door swung open and Lucinda was standing there with a pie knife. "Are you two fetching the pies or eating them? Did you save any for the rest of us?"

The couple awkwardly stepped back into the warm kitchen and carried the pies over to the dining room.

Over dessert William leaned toward Welborn and said apologetically, "I very much appreciate your kind offer Mr. Beeson– and your confidence in me – but I will have to decline your proposal just now, and perhaps take up teaching later next Winter term, when I am more settled. I do not feel it wise to consider a move further south until I have fully surveyed my opportunities here nearer to town. But thank you for asking."

Welborn glanced toward Elizabeth, and saw she was fixed on William's words. He had an idea about what "opportunities" William was alluding to, and realized he could not compete with the young lady. He laid down his fork and sighed, "Very well Mr. Leever. You were kind to hear me out. Perhaps next year then."

On Sunday, as was customary, Isaac Constant saw to it that the ponies were hitched to the wagon for the ride north to the Table Rock Baptist Church so the ladies would not soil their "Sunday best" with mud from the recent rains. William and Lizzie sat together on the tail of the wagon, facing away from her family and sitting as close to each other as they dared. The couple spent every moment they could together, though almost always under the watchful eyes of Mrs. Constant. On occasion the parents settled into bed early and left Lizzie and William to talk quietly by the kitchen stove about their plans, but they preferred the front porch when it was warm enough, with a blanket over their knees.

Part IX. Christmas, New Year's Day, a Birthday, and a Wedding

By Christmas it was well known in the valley that Mr. Constant's second eldest would soon marry the teacher who was helping out at his farm. In the 1850's courtship was normally a prolonged engagement. Issues of compatibility were not completely resolved at the onset. Normally, a man would need to be more materially established than William and be able to provide his bride a promise of a home and regular income. No doubt William would be indebted to Mr. Constant for his support and making this marriage possible. For her part, the bride was expected to have selected – or sewn – her bridal clothes and collected together her trousseau which included bedding, cookware and sundry items necessary for setting up the home.

The new bride sporting a ring on her left hand.
Photo by Peter Britt

The nearest store was in Jacksonville, which is where Lizzie did most of her pre-marriage shopping. Maury & Davis Dry Goods was the first store in Jacksonville made of brick. Retired – until the Civil War – Major Rueben F. Maury, who waited on Lizzie, was an estimable gentleman who had seen countless battles in Illinois, Oregon Territory and Utah. Even so, he described in his family correspondence that "his hardest day in the store as the one on which he sold Elizabeth Constant her wedding trousseau when she was married to Wm. T. Leever."[46] Lizzie was a fiercely particular young woman who knew what she wanted – so it was no small compliment to William that she wanted *him*. Maury, later promoted to Colonel, appears again in our story as William's commanding officer during The War of Rebellion.

As for nuptials, the typical couple exchanged vows at the bride's home in the presence of immediate family members and a few close friends. Such was the case with William and Elizabeth. It is unlikely that Cornwall made the six-day journey south to see his brother wed given the time of year, so the few people present at the wedding were likely family and friends of Elizabeth. It was New Year's Day 1856. Lizzie would turn 17 the following day. Reverend Myron Newell Stearns of the Table Rock Church officiated, and his brother Avery P. Stearns witnessed. The Stearns' had been educated in the same Eden schoolhouse in Talent along with Welborn Beeson. Avery took up law in Jacksonville and became the county's first probate judge until his death in 1857.[47] The Stearns, along with the Beesons, were part of the "Preacher Train" arriving in the territory less than 4 weeks before the Leevers. Shortly

[46] *The Medford Mail Tribune*, June 23,1923

[47] *Transactions of the Forty-Seventh Annual Reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association* Portland, June 19, 1919 p. 239

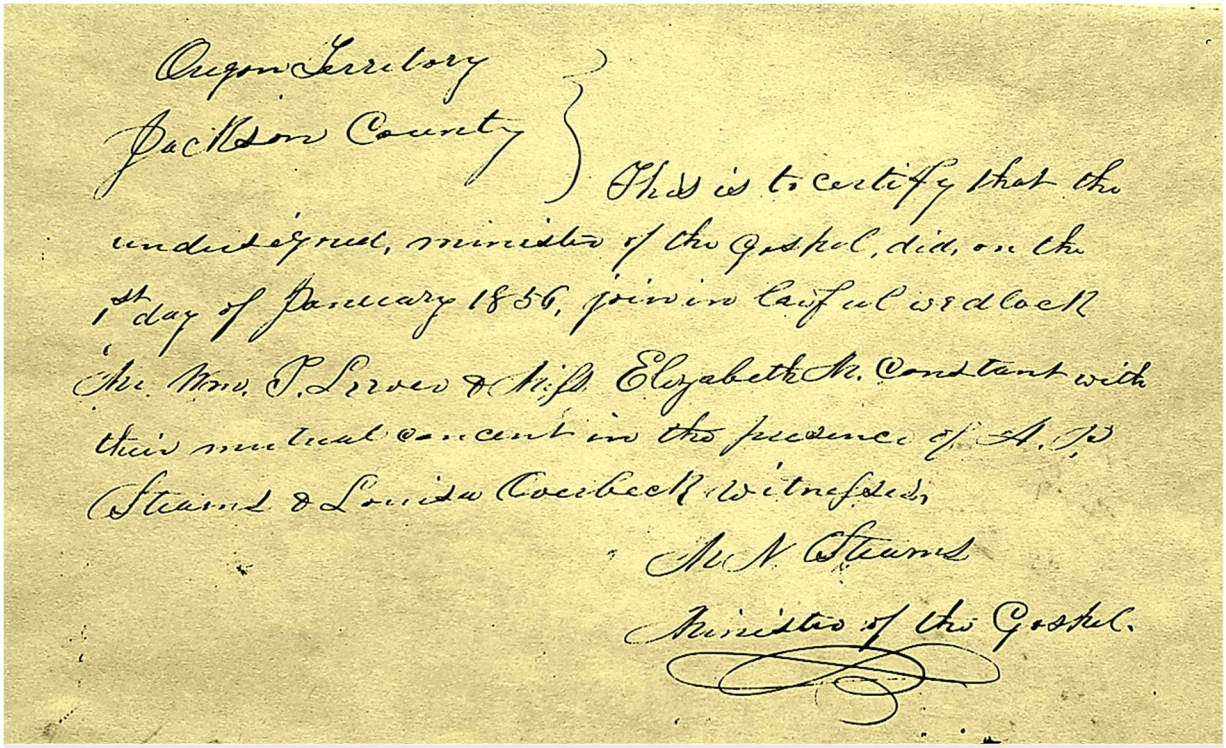
Jacksonville, Oregon Territory, 1857

after the wedding (or perhaps coincident with it), Reverend Stearns baptized the young couple on the same day. They had become indispensable to the church's founding the previous year. The other marriage witness was Lizzie's friend, Louisa Overbeck who came west with her extensive family. She would soon return to Missouri to marry, and after giving birth to two children died an early death at only 28 years old.

> *. . . The following fall [1855] [the church] commenced preparations to build a meetinghouse, but Indian troubles interfered. [In 1853] Rev. John Stearns [arrived in the Rogue Valley], with his two sons; one an ordained minister from New York, the other a licentiate from Ohio. [The former,] Rev. M. N. Stearns was chosen pastor [of the Table Rock Church], and served the church until 1857, when he resigned . . . In 1856, it received a valuable accession in W. T. Leever, who came to Oregon in 1853, from Ohio, and in 1854 [sic], settled in the Rogue River valley, near Jacksonville, where he now resides. He and his wife were baptized into the Table Rock church the same day by Rev. M. N. Stearns in 1856. From that time until now, he has been a main pillar of the church, always willing to aid in every good work. He has been the clerk of the church almost from the first, and the clerk of the Association almost from its organization; is a man of intelligence, and well posted in Baptist policy and work.*[48]

[48] ibid.

"Rev. Myron Newell Stearns ranked high as a minister of the Baptist denomination and a writer for religious journals. He was considered among the best of the pioneer teachers, and, at one time, held a professorship in the only Baptist college in Oregon. He underwent the hardships of pioneer life in the West, making a home for his family to thousand miles from civilization, among war-like Indians, who, at one time, savagely drove him from his home. All this called for a greater and different degree of bravery from that shown by many who fought for their country in the army."[49]


Oregon Territory
Jackson County } This is to certify that the
undersigned, minister of the Gospel, did, on the
1st day of January 1856, join in lawful wedlock
Mr. Wm. P. Lewis & Miss Elizabeth M. Constant with
their mutual consent in the presence of A. P.
Stearns & Louisa Cockbeck witnesses,
M. N. Stearns
Minister of the Gospel.

The wedding certificate

The only Methodist churches in the valley at that time were Methodist Episcopal which had aligned themselves with the pro-slavery, anti-Indian democrats. Thirteen years earlier the Wesleyan Methodists broke away from the Methodist Episcopal Church because of the latter's reticence to stand against slavery. As such, the newly formed Wesleyan Methodists – both the African American and European American churches – became some of the most active abolitionists and Underground Railroad supporters. Though a committed Wesleyan Methodist, William was active in founding the unaffiliated Table Rock Church – with Pastor Stearns who received the reins from Rev. James S. Read – which was the first the first church in the Rogue Valley. (The first church *building* came later.) In time, it became known as the Central Point Baptist Church, and William and Elizabeth worshipped and served there until their deaths.

[49] Avis Stearns Van Wagenen, *Stearns Genealogy and Memoirs, Volume 1, 1901*

Part X. The Valley at War

During the years preceding and up until the Leever's arrival in both the natives and the "Bostons" (the name the Indians gave to the whites) suffered horrifying atrocities by the other despite numerous treaties. During William's time in the Santiam and Umpqua Valley, there was an uneasy peace. Conflicts were often enough however, that eventually several volunteer militias were formed, aimed at protecting from – and retaliating for – any acts of aggression from the natives; who, of course were retaliating for unprovoked aggression from the settlers or miners.

From the start, residents of the Valley and from Sacramento to Yakima formed differing opinions about the emerging war between Rogues and the whites – opinions which differed depending on how close to their doorsteps the violence erupted. Some newspapers openly enflamed animosities. As an example, *The Shasta Courier* proclaimed,

> *"Universal consternation prevails throughout Rogue River Valley. The [Yreka] Herald says: 'Extermination is no longer even a question of time – the time has already arrived, the work has been commenced, and let the first white man who says treaty or peace be regarded as a traitor and a coward. Let our motto be extermination! and death to all opposition, white men or Indians. To which we heartily say amen.'"*[50]

As tensions dragged on for both settlers and Indians alike, on October 8, 1855, the newly elected Democratic territorial representative, James A. Lupton rallied about 40 like-minded Jacksonville miners and settlers on a mission to "exterminate" the Indians. They made their way to a reservation near Table Rock where they massacred from 27 to 60 relatively peaceful Takelma Indians loyal to Old Chief John (Tecumtum). One account says most of those murdered were women and children. However, this version of events was vigorously refuted by Col. Charles S. Drew whose 1860 recollections may have been biased by his own intervening involvement. He argues that the number of casualties and deaths among the volunteers indicates the strength of warrior presence in the battle.[51] Either way the reaction among the tribes was immediate.

> *The night that the attack was made the Indians held a talk, Old John insisting that they should go to war, as the whites were evidently bent on extermination. Sam refused and Mary (Jim's wife [and Joe's daughter –ed.]) made a long speech for peace.*

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[50] *Shasta Courier,* Shasta, California, August 13, 1853, page 3

[51] Drew, Charles S. "*Communication from C.S. Drew: Giving an Account of the Origin and Early Prosecution of the Indian War in Oregon*." United States, U.S. Government Printing Office, 1860. Pp 28-29

Just before day[light] John with six men started down Rogue River, killing and burning as they went from Jewett's Ferry to Wagner's.[52]

About [1854, Isaac Constant] came to know Major [Lupton], of Indian war fame, and when that enthusiastic fighter sought to enlist his aid in fighting peaceful Indians, he stoutly maintained an attitude of friendliness towards the despoiled red men, all of whom had responded to his overtures of peace, and treated him with all fairness and consideration. He even went so far as express the hope that if the fighting major persisted in his determination to annoy the Indians, he would meet with his just deserts. The prophecy was fulfilled as history narrates, and the Indians lost an implacable foe in the death of the obstinate warrior [on October 9, 1855, the day following the attack on the Table Rock reservation].[53]

Thus began the Rogue River Wars. The backlash of the Indians to the massacre was immediate and fierce. Rogue River tribes (Takelmas) banded together with sometime adversaries, the Athapaskans, Shastans, and Cow Creek Umpquas and fanned out across the valley toward the coast, attacking settlers, killing men, women, children; stealing livestock, and burning homes and barns. Ezra Meeker – arguably one of Oregon's most famous pioneers – recounted from the Mt. Hood area,

"*Oregon was aflame with violence. Word came from the north that in late October 1855, that all the settlers living on White River had been killed by the Indians and that the next day those in the Puyallup valley would be massacred. At the risk of his life a friendly Indian brought this news to us in the dead hours of the night."*[54]

Unfortunately, it wasn't until five days after this terse and ambiguous proclamation that the territorial government received news of Lupton's October 8th massacre of friendly Indians at Table Rock. Governor George Curry was compelled to issue a hasty clarification (General Orders, No. 10), mortified that some might have interpreted his earlier proclamation as a license for violence which his earlier order was intended to quell. The clarifying order – with veiled anger and frustration – called for the dissolution of every voluntary militia not under the direct authority of the federal military.

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[52] Letter from L. F. Mosher to Joseph Lane, November 22, 1855, http://truwe.sohs.org/files/jolaneletters.html

[53] *"William Constant Leever," Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon,* Chapman Publishing Co., Chicago, 1904, pages 764-765. Note: Lupton was not in fact a military Major but had but came to Oregon in 1849 as wagon master for the rifle regiment.

[54] *Ox-Team Days on the Oregon Trail* by Ezra Meeker, p 135

October 15, 1855

BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY OF OREGON

A Proclamation

Whereas, by petition numerously signed by the citizens of the Umpqua Valley, calling upon me for protection, it has come to my knowledge that the Shasta and Rogue River Indians in Southern Oregon, in violation of their solemn engagements, are now in arms against the peace of this Territory; that they have, without respect to age or sex, murdered a large number of our people, burned their dwellings, and destroyed their property; and that they are now menacing the southern settlements with all the atrocities of savage warfare, I issue this, my proclamation, calling for five companies of mounted volunteers to constitute a northern battalion, and four companies of mounted volunteers to constitute a southern battalion, to remain in force until duly discharged . . .

By the Governor: GEO. L. CURRY

Few, if any, families in the Jacksonville area enjoyed the protection that Chief Sam had promised the Constant family through his daughter Mary. As much as they had hoped to stay in their homes and not take sides with the militias of miners, or the "Indian sympathizers" – such as John Beeson – many fled the valley or holed up in "Block Houses," which were small forts or fortified residences established throughout the Territory for that purpose. The settlers would move their families as near to the block house as possible and set up tents to protect them from rain and snow. Circumstances compelled William and Lizzie to continue living at the Constant home until the tumult subsided.

Three weeks after the wedding, John Beeson called for a meeting to rally the citizens living along the Bear River . . .

> *". . . to consider the propriety of negotiating for peace, and ending the war by treaty; and a committee was appointed to attend the publication of the Call. But the Editor of the Sentinel, a Southern Man, and wholly one-sided in his sympathies, published in connection with it a statement, that he did not know of a man in Jacksonville who desired a meeting for such an object. As there was no other paper published in the Valley, the Sentinel was the only public mouth-piece; and hence its statements had a great influence in determining public action."*[55]

[55] *A Plea for the Indians: with facts and features of the late war in Oregon,* by John Beeson, 1857, p. 72.

[General Orders, No. 10.] Territory of Oregon,
Headquarters, Portland, October 20, 1855.

Information having been received that armed parties have taken the field in Southern Oregon with the avowed purpose of waging a war of extermination against the Indians in that section of the Territory, and have slaughtered, without respect to age or sex, a band of friendly Indians on their reservation, in despite of the authority of the Indian agent and the commanding officer of the United States troops stationed there, and contrary to the peace of the Territory, it is therefore ordered that the commanding officers of the battalions authorized by the proclamation of the governor of the 15th day of October instant will enforce the disbanding of all armed parties not duly enrolled into the service of the Territory by virtue of said proclamation.

The force called into service for the suppression of Indian hostilities in the Rogue River and Umpqua valleys, and chastisement of the hostile party of Shasta, Rogue River, and other Indians now menacing the settlements in Southern Oregon, is deemed entirely adequate to achieve the object of the campaign; and the utmost confidence is reposed in the citizens of that part of the Territory that they will support and maintain the authority of the executive by cordially co-operating with the commanding officers of the territorial force, the commanding officer of the United States troops, and the special agents of the Indian department in Oregon.

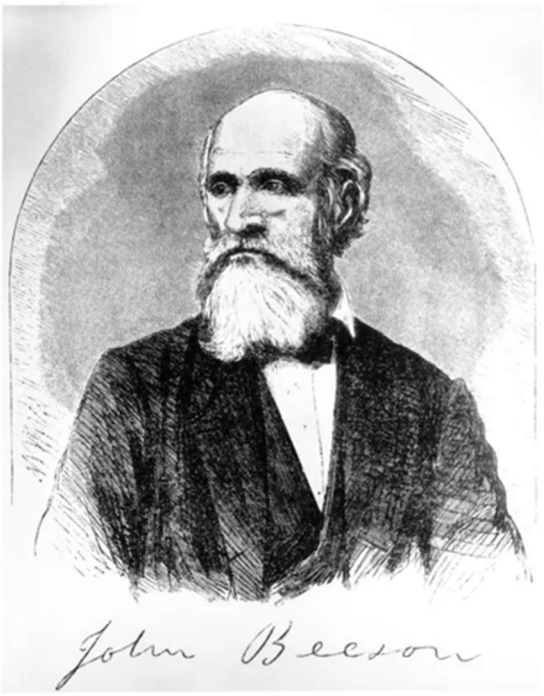
A partisan warfare against any bands of Indians within our borders or on our frontiers is pregnant only with mischief, and will be viewed with distrust and disapprobation by every citizen who values the peace and good order of the settlements. It will receive no countenance or support from the executive authority of the Territory.

By the Governor:

E. M. BARNAUD,
Adjutant General.

Beeson goes on to recount the psychological and economic conditions that continued to fuel the war.

> *"Perceiving, as I did, that the Editorial already alluded to, had disappointed the earnest desire for peace, which had been openly expressed by many Citizens, I visited and conversed with a number of different persons in various parts of the Valley, all of whom agreed with me, that the war, so far Volunteers were concerned, was a mere farce, a boys' play, that ought to be stopped; but there were two circumstances that made it a difficult thing to bring about. The first of these was the pecuniary interests involved. There had not been for a long time a steady pursuit of any profitable objects of industry. Nearly all the labor, and produce, and capital of the country had been employed in the prosecution of the war; and to secure indemnity from the public treasure, it was necessary to be pretty unanimous in regard to the justness of their claiming, which would rest directly on the righteousness of the war. Hence, to dispute these points at home, would be to jeopardise [sic] their interests at Washington; and the disputant was sure of the ill-will of those around him, and reason ably calculate on something worse.*



In the next place, a sense of shame and mortified pride, in those who had been so long active participants in the campaign, made them wish to retrieve their honor by some more successful experiments of bravery and generalship than they had yet exhibited. They felt how unfavorably they would appear before the country – after spending and losing so much, to be overcome by a few starving savages, whom they despised as being less than human."[56]

So, on the one hand, Beeson recognized that the widespread unemployment of the miners (the reasons for which I will not enumerate here), led them into a dysfunctional dependence on the federal government, which – lacking a standing army – relied upon and consequently compensated – the volunteer militias to "keep the peace." To the miners, keeping peace meant exterminating the Indians, and they saw any opposition to warfare as an attack on their (new) livelihood. Secondly, a pervasive shame for their inability to stem the carnage of the Indians led the Volunteers to further rage and exertion to rid Oregon of the Indians altogether. As miners were mostly unmarried and landless, they had little to lose, since the inevitable reprisals of the natives were more often visited upon peaceful settlers.

On Friday evening, May 23, 1856, irate Jackson County residents crowded into Eden School on Bear Creek to make and hear accusations against Beeson for his stand on behalf of the local Indians. The Table Rock Sentinel described it as "an indignation meeting." Beeson showed up, but when its chairman refused to let him speak, John left.

The following evening the Beeson family learned of a group of unruly militias camped near their home, and John knew he must leave. Just before midnight he kissed [his] wife Ann goodbye and rode into the rainy night. Welborn rode with him some 15 miles to Fort Lane at the northern end of the valley. Father and son bid farewell early the next morning. Lieutenant Edmund Underwood furnished an escort of dragoons to accompany John north to the Willamette Valley.[57]

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[56] Ibid., p. 72-73.

[57] Carole Nielson, *Oregon Pioneer John Beeson Sought Better Treatment of American Indians*; Reprinted on Historynet.com. Originally published in the February 2013 issue of *Wild West*. John travelled, wrote and spoke during the ensuing years. From San Francisco to Washington DC, he championed the cause

To fully grasp the backdrop of our love story, one must understand the tumultuous political and social environment. This period was rife with complexities and contradictions, with each major faction—settlers, Native American tribes, volunteer militias, the Territorial Governor, and eventually the U.S. Military—riven by internal divisions as deep and enduring as their outward animosity. These internal struggles, though crucial to the story, can only be hinted at here.

As mentioned previously, Isaac Constant and John Beeson stand out among the settlers for their sympathy toward the natives – although differing in the expression of those sympathies. However, both men did after all take their claims from the US government according to the laws and conditions laid out by all the jurisdictional authorities. That the Indians did not recognize – or even understand – those laws are not a surprise. They had gathered and hunted on the land for hundreds, if not thousands of years.

Admittedly the native tribes had been battling each other since their arrival on the continent – forming treaties, breaking them, and then making new ones – in their own battles for conquest, but the technology that the whites brought to bear was far out of scale with anything they had ever experienced. More deadly than the weapons, were the diseases the whites unknowingly brought with them. Consequently, the need to band together to fight the encroachments of the settlers became an unwelcome and tenuous necessity. For most of the settlers' part, the dictates of probity were diffused by the constant struggle to avoid both violence on the one hand, and starvation on the other.

Beeson alluded to his internal conflict of conscience this way:

> *"Having located my family on one of the principal tributaries of the Rogue River, which had been a favorite resort, or residence of the Natives, there were still remaining the excavations, the poles, bark, and coverings of their wigwams, and the fresh ashes of their fires. I was constantly reminded of being an interloper or usurper of homes which others ought not to possess or for which they ought to be paid."*[58]

While divisions among the settlers were occasionally deep enough that whites were known to murder other whites, divisions among the Natives were sometimes equally intense. By the 1851 the Klickitat had concluded a successful campaign against many other tribes in the Willamette Valley. After conquering the Umpqua, they offered to assist the whites in their war against the Rogues but were turned down.[59] Some tribes or sub-tribes – such as the Table Rock Takelma led by the minor chief Sam – refused to take part in the warfare after the 1853 treaty, resisting violence up until their forced removal to the Grand Ronde Reservation.

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of the Indian and met with Lincoln at least a couple times. He never saw his wife again. She died of cancer on June 30, 1866; however, the following year John returned to his farm to be with Welborn and his family who still resided in the Talent area.

[58] Ibid., p. 41.

[59] Indians of Southern Oregon, Chapter 20, Herbert Lang(?) Albert G. Walling, Editor 1884

Treaties had been broken and news arrived almost daily about violence against the tribes, or neighbors slaughtered in their homes – which is why the newlyweds continued to live on the relative safety of the Constant farm for as long as they could. Lavinia, Lizzie's older sister recounted,

> *"The Chief [Sam]came to Father and told him not to go away, 'As I have Indian guards out to protect you from them'. The Indians had murdered many people along the river and in the valley. Families had been gathered together for protection and we were urged to go, and Father said 'Take the family, but I shall stay at the ranch'. One of the Indian guards came to Father and asked him why he sent the family away, and he replied the people wanted them to go."*[60]

It appears that at least for a time, William and Elizabeth also chose to shelter themselves with other families at the nearby blockhouse – or perhaps at the home of Lizzie's sister and her doctor husband.[61] The other fortified homes where pioneers sheltered were owned by men known to be virulently anti-Indian. In any case, the tensions and hostilities required that they postpone the establishment of their own home, wherever that might be. The young couple faced a bewildering calculus of decisions that their future descendants could not imagine. Could William expect his young bride to move away from her entire family? Particularly since her family had embraced and supported him from the day he set foot in the Valley? And if she were willing to leave, where would they go? Should they consider relocating to Cornwall's claim in Linn County? On the one hand, the Santiam had been largely spared of the violence engulfing the Rogue Valley. However, such a move meant forgoing the chance to procure a homestead of their own. Should they move somewhere else altogether? Was anyplace really safe? And a move anywhere out of Jackson County meant reconsidering employment or farming prospects. In the end they chose to investigate purchasing a claim near the Constant farm. Failing that, William and Lizzie could weigh their other options.

As the valley began to thaw after a particularly harsh winter, the Takelmas and other bands came down from the mountains in February in search of food and determined to root out the "Bostons" once and for all from their traditional hunting and gathering sites. They followed the Rogue River to the coast where they killed or drove out every miner or settler family they encountered, and then up and down the coast when their bloodthirst had not been satiated. Although disastrous beyond words for some families in the path of destruction, there proved to be faint silver lining for William and Lizzie.

William's search for farm land involved speaking with nearby families east and north of Jacksonville. All of the best farming land had been claimed, so his only recourse

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[60] Lavinia Jane Constant Robinson, *A Brief Review of the Life of Isaac Constant, A New Home in Oregon.*

[61] "In Jacksonville, the Robinson House, built in 1853 by Dr. Jesse Robinson, was the largest stage stop hotel en route north of Marysville. The U.S. Hotel stands upon its site today." *Medford Mail Tribune*, September 26, 1948, page 10

was outright purchase of someone else's claim. It just so happened he had a number to choose from, because as a result of renewed hostilities with the Indians, a number of families sought to abandon the valley for good.

In August 1853, less than a year after arriving in Oregon, Peter E. Miller and his wife Rosanna experienced a devastating raid attributed to local Indians. Their home was ransacked; attackers stole or destroyed all their possessions, drove off their livestock, and even tore out the floorboards. Miller's business partner, Dr. William Rose, was brutally murdered in the incident, his body left mutilated and stripped, with his clothing later seen worn by the perpetrators. Approximately a dozen homes north to the Rogue River were burned to the ground, but it is unknown whether that included what was left of the Miller home.

> *"[Judge] Hardin and [Dr.] Rose were killed as follows: They belonged to a company of volunteers which had been camped at Willow Springs; towards evening about a dozen of them started for the Fort [Dardanelles, the T'Vault home]. Hardin, Rose and one other man were riding by themselves, while T'Vault and the rest of the party had taken another road. About a mile from the Fort, the three were fired on by Indians in ambush, and Rose instantly killed and Hardin shot through the hips with a rifle ball. The third man was not wounded. Hardin kept his horse until the rest of the party, who heard the crack of the rifles, come up (sic.), and lived 11 hours, suffering the most intense agony. No Indians were seen by him. The party [came into Jacksonville] for help, and returning found Dr. Rose's body stripped, his throat cut in two places, one eye gouged out and his person horribly disfigured. He had about 600 dollars, which with his horse was stolen."*[62]

This harrowing event, which included about 20 other deaths[63] and numerous injuries, marked the start of the region's first major wave of hostilities. In the ensuing months, the Millers', who were not present at the attack, began looking for a buyer of their claim so they could leave the valley. Historians pinpoint this attack as the inception of the "Indian Wars," a conflict that would eventually claim over 600 lives. It is believed the incident caused the formation of the wanton militias, culminating in Lupton's retaliatory actions at Table Rock, which in turn provoked the raging conflict with nearly every tribe in the southern territory.

Even though the Millers had about 100 acres under cultivation, it took two years for them to find willing buyers. Newlyweds William and Lizzie stepped up to purchase the 319.6-acre parcel on February 2, 1857 for $1,500 – undoubtedly with some misgivings. Louisa Overbeck's father, Dr. Henry A. Overbeck, officiated the sale.

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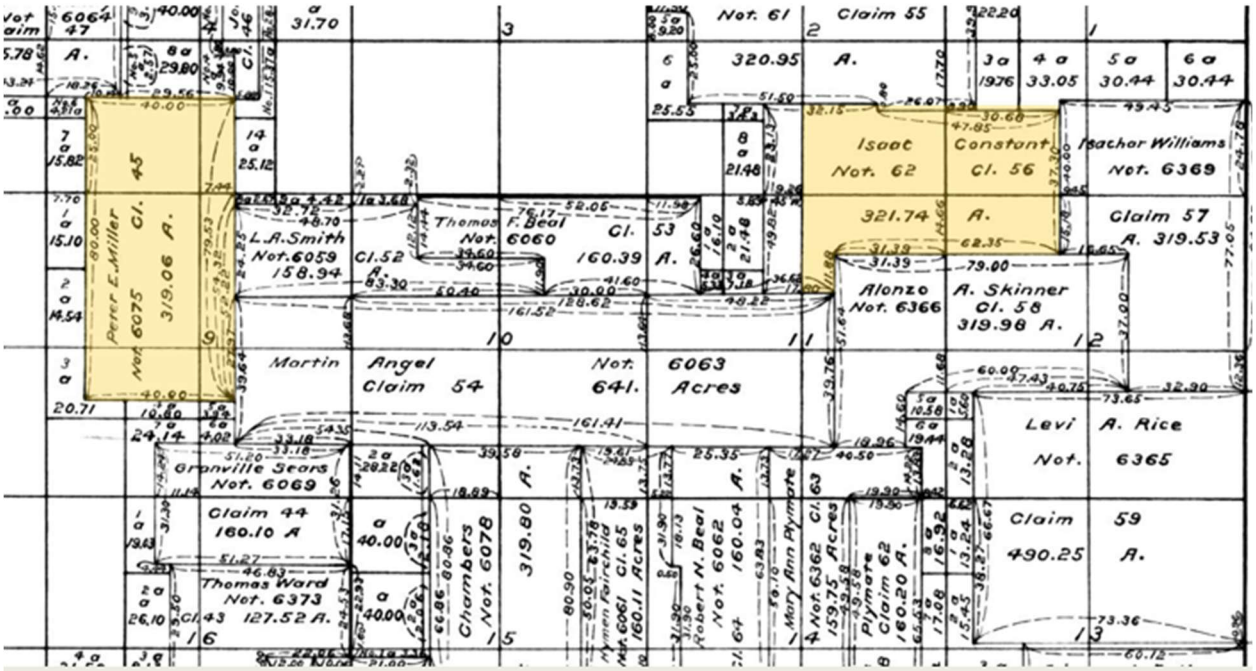
[62] *Oregon Statesman,* Salem, August 23, 1853, page 2

[63] *The Portland Commercial,* August 25, 1853

Mr. Miller subsequently entreated the US government for compensation for losses suffered. He wrote to Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs,[64]

Cow Creek March 2nd 1856

Joel Palmer, Superintendent of Indian Affairs
Sir, I have claims against the government amounting to twenty-one hundred and fifty dollars for spoliations committed by the Rogue River Indians in 1853. The claims have been certified to by the commissioners appointed for the purpose. As I am desirous of leaving for the States [as] soon as possible, I would request to know if you have the authority and means to settle those claims; if not, what course I can take to collect them. Please inform me at your earliest convenience and oblige.
Very respectfully
Yours Peter Miller



The Miller (Leever) and Constant claims. The Constant claim eventually expanded to 640 acres.

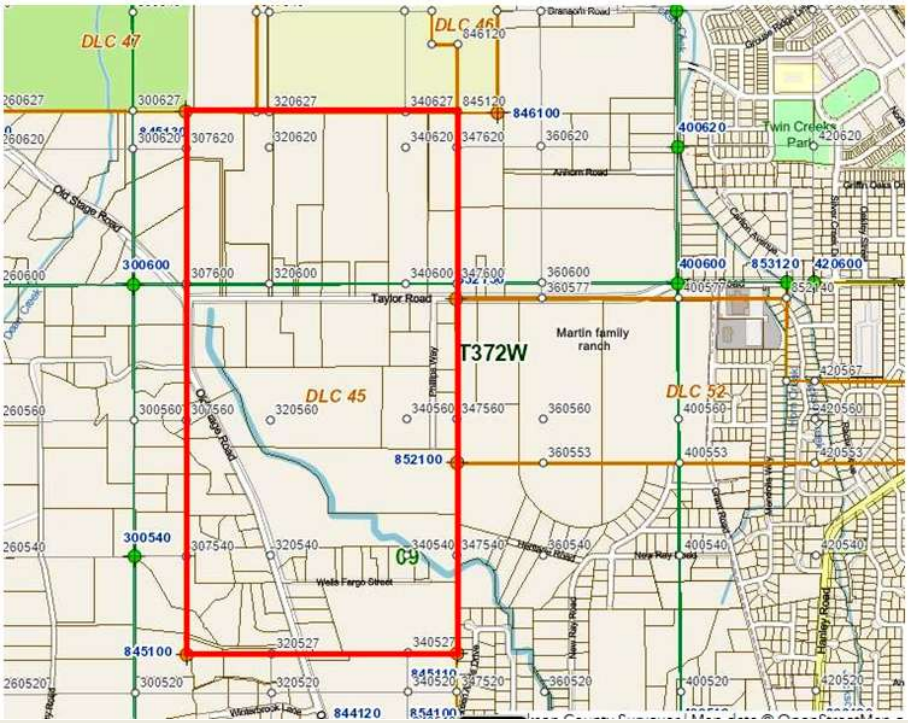
The Millers' land claim lay four miles north of Jacksonville straddling the Old Stage Road in an area called Willow Springs. With subsequent additions, the farm stretched from present day Beall Ln north to 1,750 feet north of Taylor Road. It is situated in the foothills and the home itself was near the corner of where Taylor and Old Stage Road now intersect.

At the juncture of these two roads, a stone's throw from where the Leevers new home sat, an historical marker has been erected marking the spot where just ten years

[64] *NARA Series M2, Microcopy of Records of the Oregon Superintendency of Indian Affairs 1848-1873, Reel 14; Letters Received, 1856, No. 101.*

earlier Jesse Applegate, his brother Lindsay, and 13 other explorers camped while blazing the first pioneer trail from Dallas, OT through the Rogue River Valley and connecting to the California Trail.

Miller and Rose had evidently planned to establish a saloon along the Old Stage Road, creating a way-station between Jacksonville and the Umpqua Valley on Miller's land. While the Millers' decision to abandon this venture and sell their claim is understandable given the obvious risks, William and Elizabeth's decision to purchase the property and raise a family there is truly remarkable. The fact that it took the Millers over two years to find a buyer speaks volumes about the perceived dangers of homesteading in Jackson County, particularly in the foothills where the Indians could inconspicuously thread down between the oaks and conifers and wreak havoc.



The original Leever homestead

Despite the anxieties that beleaguered every family during the war, new settlers, primarily gold-seekers, continued to arrive in droves each month. Many families remained optimistic about the prospect of peace and prosperity in spite of the near-term uncertainty. Indeed, Jacksonville briefly boasted the distinction of being the most populous city in the Oregon Territory. But unlike the transient and often mercenary miners, these settlers drew strength from the resilience of their ancestors. Their parents and grandparents had successfully navigated similar periods of upheaval while building prosperous lives back in the states, and this inspired perseverance. They were looking for a foothold, not a quick buck.

About the time of William's arrival in the valley, the Governor of the Oregon Territory issued a proclamation which seemed to indicate that the government was finally hearing the cries of settlers for protection and this stoked the optimism of miners and farmers alike. But the worst was yet to come.

While the territorial government was only modestly successful in securing sustained peace in the Valley by 1854, every Fall saw new arrivals, and families focused on feeding themselves and staying warm through the wet winters. The settler population grew in

number – almost as much by new children being born as by immigration. William and Lizzie's oldest son, recalled later in life that even while tending a sizable farm, his father was in constant demand as a teacher and had taught in most all the schools in the valley at one time or another. William also served two stints as school superintendent[65], the first when his predecessor and neighbor, Martin Angel, was ambushed by Indians between his home and Jacksonville on the day after William and Lizzie were married. Mr. Angel lived a stone's throw from the new Leever home and was ardently anti-Indian. His being complicit in murdering many of them, even children, led some locals to conclude he got his just desserts.

So common was this sad event that hardly a week went by without some heart-breaking news. Most everyone carried on in grim determination. The settlers could not rely on the government, and were reluctant to be a burden their neighbors. A few, like "Mother" Constant pined for the halcyon summers of Springfield, Illinois and the beautiful home she

Whether a miner, a farmer, a proprietor, a minister or a soldier, the historic record shows a remarkable mutability in the callings or duties to which each man subscribed from one year to the next. A miner might lay down his pick to pick up a rifle. A soldier might lay down his gun for a plough. A farmer might practice law in his spare time. A merchant might aspire to statesman. This was true for both William and Cornwall.

Up north in Linn County, Captain James Blakeley's company "D" of the recruited battalion, second regiment of Oregon mounted volunteers from the northern counties, commanded by Colonel John Kelsey, were called into the service of Oregon Territory by proclamation of the governor. Cornwall, still unmarried, left his farm to join the forces on March 11, 1856 in Eugene where they were mustered. Their service actually began on the fourth of April, and lasted to the June 3, 1856 - just three months. The regiment was a force of 800-900 men, who under Blakeley's command saw service in Rogue River Wars of Southern Oregon against hostile tribes, and Cornwall, later in life, was able to collect a veteran's small pension for his three months of service.

It is certain that the time in Jackson County afforded Cornwall a welcome opportunity to spend at least a short time with his younger brother and his new bride. The Summer was not, however, unmarked by distress as Cornwall and the other volunteers

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[65] [RECORDS OF] "CENTRAL POINT DISTRICT 6 - The date on which this district, known as Manzanita district, was organized was October 3, 1854, and it has remained true to number all through the years since. In that first year 1 quarter of school was taught in its first schoolhouse, with 12 pupils in attendance, though there were 33 reported as of school age. Martin Angel was clerk. By 1857, when W. T. Leever was clerk, two quarters were held for 38 scholars. W. H. Merriman [William's uncle; brother of Lucinda Merriman Constant], was the next clerk, serving until 1871, when W. I. Stanley succeeded him, to be followed in turn by J. B. Wrisley, who again turned matters over to W. T. Leever. Next R. F. Maury served until 1882." *Central Point American,* March 13, 1947, p. 3

were assigned the unhappy task of relocating the offending tribes to Grand Ronde Reservation and the Siletz Reservation. Cornwall married the year following his service.

Cornwall Thacker Leever and wife Martha Jane Beeler, married July 15, 1857

Less than a week after the birth of William and Lizzie's first child, William Constant Leever – who was from a young age assigned the nickname "Con" – the young father found himself on the Republican ticket along with his father-in-law, Isaac. It is easy to imagine his reasons for agreeing to run for office. Firstly, such a commitment was in service of peace. He was now a young father and he felt obligated to help foster a community that was committed to justice and enjoyed the social peace and prosperity that flowed from it. Secondly, he stood against the perceived corruption and machinations of the current Democrat administration and the policies it championed – chief of which was to ensure that the Territory, as it approached possible statehood, would be deemed a Slave State versus a Free State. A corollary – but more populist – position of the Democrats was the subjugation (or extermination) of the Natives. Both were anathema to William and his extended family. However, up until the Civil War the territorial Republicans were not to prevail at the ballot box.[66]

[66] *Oregon Argus,* Oregon City, May 15, 1858, p. 2

Republican Meeting in Jackson County.
PHOENIX, OREGON TERRITORY, April 10, 1858.

***Whereas**, the object of all human government is to establish justice and to secure liberty to the governed, and whereas our own is in a prominent manner based upon this great principle, and stands forth to the world as the defender of it, and whereas in this, as well as in the government of the Old World, this principle finds numerous opponents, and whereas political aspirants have managed by intrigue to obtain the reins of government, and have prostituted its powers in crushing out the genius of liberty and of self-government and to the building up of the institution of human slavery under the sacred name of Democracy-therefore,*

***Resolved**, That the Republican Party stands forth preeminently as antagonistic to the policy of the party now holding the reins of government, and that we cordially adopt as our political creed the platform laid down by that party in the Philadelphia Convention.*

On motion, the resolutions were adopted.

The chair appointed a committee of five to report candidates for the several offices of the county. Committee reported the following;

For Senator-I. Constant.
Representatives-G. W. Reed, T. B. Willard, B. F. Myer. Sheriff-F. H. Freeman.
County Clerk-D. T. Geiger.
County Treasurer-J. C. Davenport.
County Assessor-James Henderson.
County Judge-W. T. Leever.
County Commissioner-S. P. Taylor.

On motion, the secretary was instructed to send the proceedings of this convention to the Argus for publication.

L. A. RICE, Ch'n. D. T. GEIGER, Sec'y.

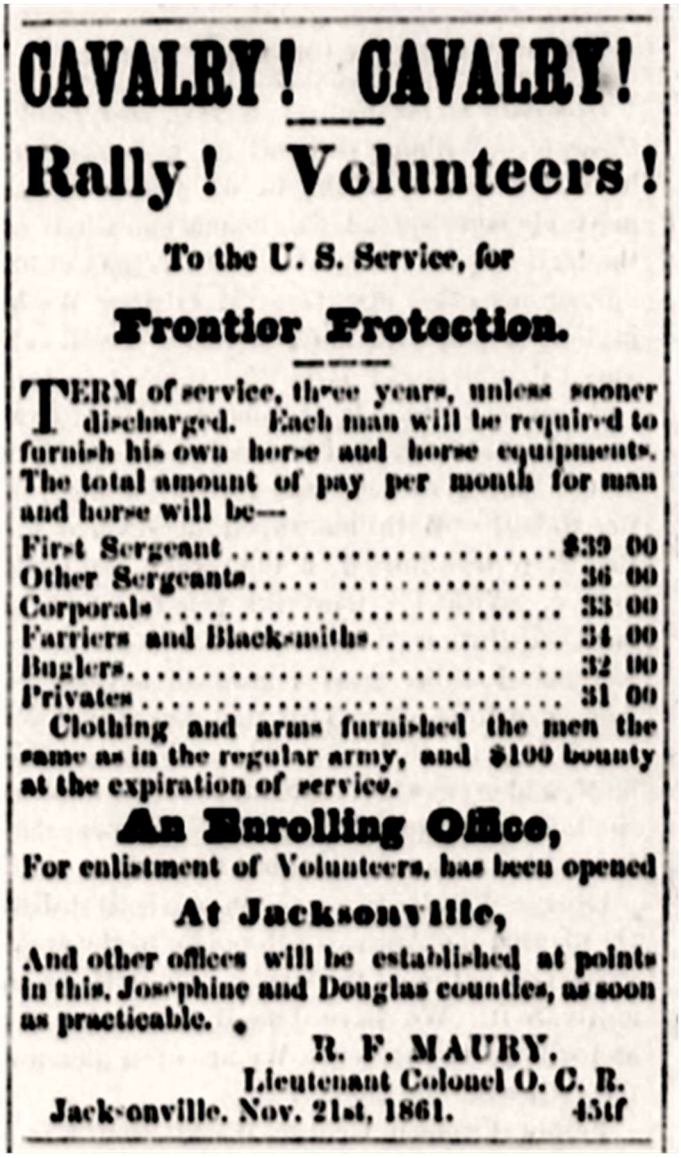
Part XI. Oregon during the Civil War – April 1861 to May 1865

"The best place to meet a difficulty is just where God puts it. If we dodge it, it will come in a worse place ..." - Francis Wayland

After the South's attack on Ft. Sumter, Lincoln's War Department called for Oregon's regular troops be repositioned to eastern fields of pending battle, and for volunteer regiments be raised throughout the Northwest to backfill the regular troops. After a false start, obstructed by southern-sympathizing Governor Whiteaker, powers in Washington – chiefly Senator Col. E. D. Baker – did an end-run around the governor and assigned three men to manage the ambitious goal of recruiting thousands of volunteers for Cavalry and Infantry positions. Major – soon to be Colonel – Reuben F. Maury was responsible for recruitment in southern Oregon out of Jacksonville.

William and Lizzie no doubt spent many sleepless nights that Fall discussing the pros and cons of enlistment at a time when they had just started a family and their youngest was less than a year old. The 1860 census showed that the couple had ranch

hands living with them on the farm – two young men and a 15-year-old. Could the homestead be managed during William's three-year term of service?



CAVALRY! CAVALRY!

Rally! Volunteers!

To the U. S. Service, for

Frontier Protection.

TERM of service, three years, unless sooner discharged. Each man will be required to furnish his own horse and horse equipments. The total amount of pay per month for man and horse will be—

First Sergeant	$39 00
Other Sergeants	36 00
Corporals	33 00
Farriers and Blacksmiths	34 00
Buglers	32 00
Privates	31 00

Clothing and arms furnished the men the same as in the regular army, and $100 bounty at the expiration of service.

An Enrolling Office,

For enlistment of Volunteers, has been opened

At Jacksonville,

And other offices will be established at points in this, Josephine and Douglas counties, as soon as practicable.

R. F. MAURY,
Lieutenant Colonel O. C. R.

Jacksonville, Nov. 21st, 1861. 45tf

Ostensibly the recruitment of the volunteers was a war effort – by freeing existing soldiers to go fight in the East – but it served several other understood but purposely unspoken goals. One was to quell and Southern efforts to obstruct the Union war effort politically or materially; second, to stave off any nascent ambitions to create an independent slavery-tolerant "Pacific Republic" by riding secessionist coat-tails; and thirdly to fill the role of putting down hostile tribes which continued to fight their war of attrition with the whites either in valley communities, far-flung mining camps, or on emigrant trails.

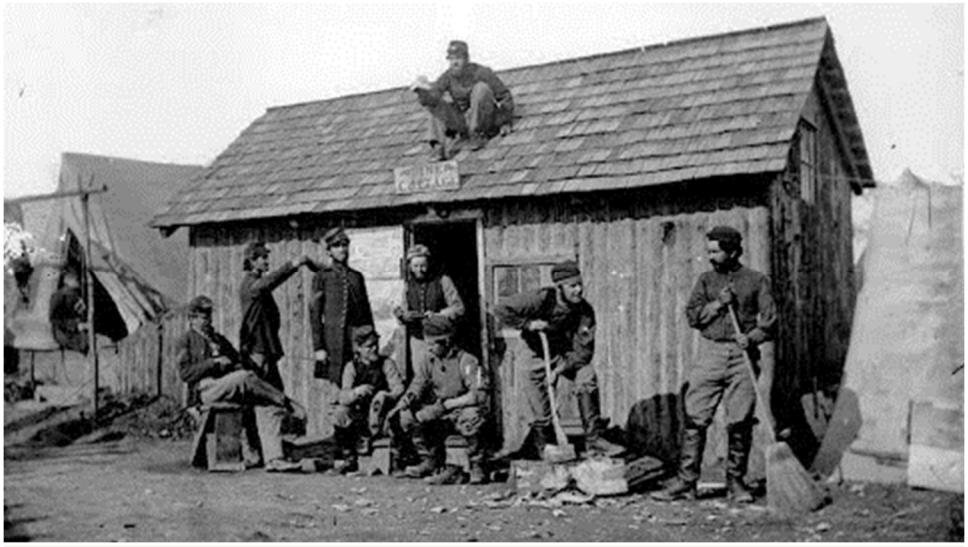
By this time the regular army had become successful in subduing and prosecuting citizen militias bent on extermination of the Natives; but also, by this time there were many more ways to reach the Willamette or Rouge River Valleys by land – and while those new-found routes were both shorter and logistically safer, the threat of attack by Indians was still a danger. As more pioneers flooded in, the long-established hunting grounds became depleted and gathering sites for camas and other foods were increasingly disrupted by more and more cattle and sheep herds. The Natives, once motivated by plunder and territorialism, were now raiding and killing impelled by starvation and vengeance.

While William and his wife were sympathetic to the cause of national unity, service to the safety of established communities ('keeping the peace,') and support to emigrating families likely had a more immediate pull. On top of that, William's father-in-law was a friend of Lincoln, so there was undoubtedly familial allegiance to the Commander-in-Chief. Another personal inducement was the compensation. Pay was $31 per month for three-year stint [half of which was for the use of his horse], and at the end of service men were

given a $100 bounty and 160 acres of land.[67] The enlistment papers were signed on November 22, 1861 in Jacksonville, a couple miles south of the Leever farm.

While many young cavalry recruits hankered for assignments in the East, it was the opposite for William, whose aversion to leaving his young family was assuaged by Maury's assurance that his regiment would be staying in Oregon Territory. The advice or encouragement of William's brother-in-law, Dr. Jesse Robinson, must have played a role in the decision to join up.

Just two days after his enlistment, an acquaintance by the name of David Hobart Taylor also signed on with Maury. David's father was the Methodist minister Stephen Phelps Taylor and also came to Oregon on the 'Preacher Train' with the Beesons and Stearns. William and Cornwall passed this train on the Oregon Trail in the late spring of 1853 and may have met at that time some of those who later became William's neighbors.



Union soldiers. Attributed to Mathew B. Brady. Location unknown, c. 1861

Taylor's diary from November 1861 to April 1862 while stationed at the newly established Camp Baker provides a unique insight, both in the formation of the Volunteer Cavalry, but also of the day-to-day life in the fort. The volunteers were to report at Camp Baker – situated about a half-mile west from Phoenix – January 1, and were discouraged to find that it was poorly constructed and ill-provisioned. For example, it becomes clear that due to the shortages in the camp, volunteers who lived nearby were allowed frequent visits to their homes[68] and families for dinner. They were also often allowed leave on Sundays for church services, for those inclined toward spiritual things, as Taylor and William were. The soldiers' days throughout that snowy winter were spent improving the living conditions, caring for horses, learning to drill with the few long-arms that had been available to them. Many of the young men would have preferred to be killing successionists, but instead found themselves killing time.

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[67] Oregon Historical Quarterly, Vol 4, No. 2. United States, Oregon Historical Society; *Oregon and It's Share in the Civil War*, by Robert Treat Plant, p. 100, July 1903.

[68] For William, it was about a two-hour horse ride to his farm when the weather was dry enough.

Taylor's daily entries cover the weather, tragedy, gratitude, sorrow, news, and humor.

January 10, 1862

. . . high ho hard work to sit in the house all day & read or sleep. We passed resolution prohibiting scuffling or hollooing in the cabin, took one lesson in drilling was very awkward cant tell how to go through the manoever, yet but hope to become expert before long in the use of the fire arms. The snow is abut 7 inches deep, what sport the boys had in snowballing.

. . .

January 25, 1862

Cloudy snowd some very cold. Bro Stratton[69] *preach [ed] one week ago. Mrs. Barneyburg died & left 8 children to the tender mercies of the Father. This day Mrs. Bailey died & left two orphan children to the care of Strangers poor boys how I pity them, left as they are Strangers in a strange land.*

. . .

January 30, 1862

Clear as crystal and cold snow is about 1 foot deep in the level. Did not go to prayer meeting this evening owing to the rheumatism, hope it will leave me before long, else I will give up the ship. Some of the Boys are very much dissatisfied and wants out of the company, guess their wants wont be satisfied in that respect.

. . .

February 12,1862

Clear & cold, war in the afternoon exercised my horse, "rocle" [rode?] all well at camp, save we. I had a slight attack of "Spring fever" & the Boys gave me an attack a few snow pills, of large dimentions externally applied, which produced a good effect for it cured me in a minute or less, I advise all persons similarly affected to have the remedy applied.[70]

However monotonous and often miserable the conditions at Baker, the civilian population were thrilled to have the soldiers nearby; not only as a way of pacifying successionist sentiments, but ensuring some degree of calm between the settlers and

---

[69] "I took up placer mining not far from what was then called Gasburg, now known as Phoenix. It was a great place for drinking and gambling and horse racing. Gasburg got to be so lively that the church people thought of it as a regular Sodom and Gomorrah. Finally a young preacher named C. C. Stratton came down to Gasburg and conducted revival services. He converted most of us and broke up the best horse racing in the state. That revival knocked the reputation of Gasburg as a tough town higher than a kite. It not only knocked out the horse racing and broke up the gambling, but they started a Sunday school and used the card tables in the Sunday school and prayer meeting. Fred Lockley, *"In Early Days,"* Oregon Journal, Portland, July 18, 1915, p. C4

[70] "*Doing Nothing with a Vengeance": The Diary of David Hobart Taylor, First Oregon Cavalry, January 1 through May 31, 1862.* Oregon Historical Quarterly, Volume 110, Number 4, Winter 2009, pp. 598-622

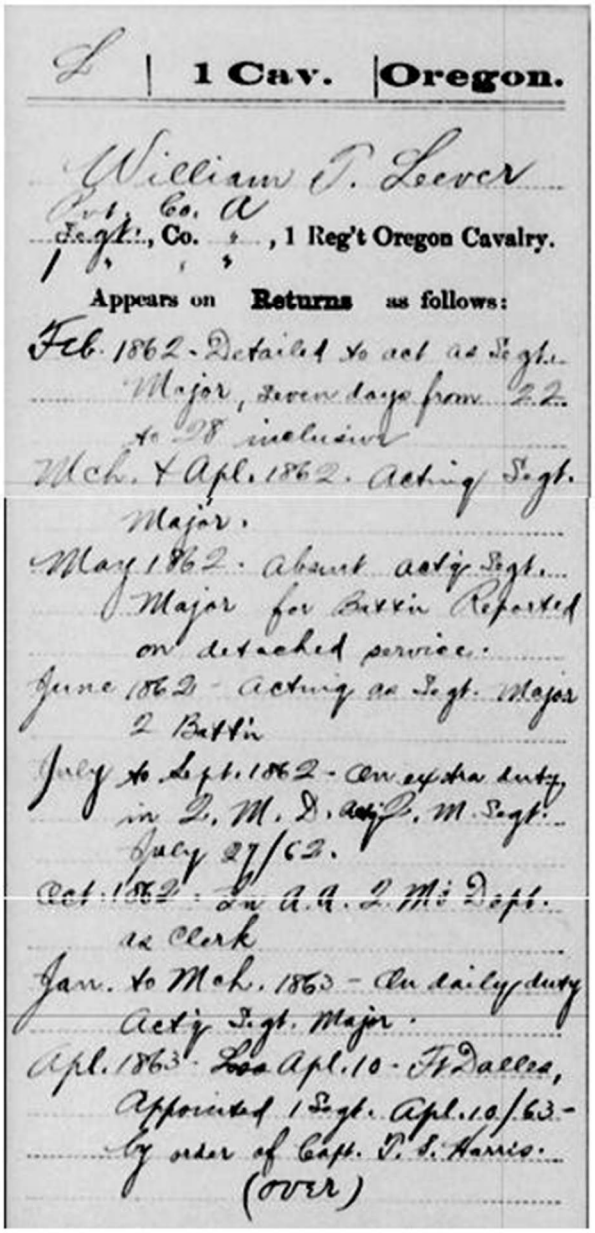
natives. Consider this sanguine account of the encampment was published in Jacksonville shortly after William's report-for-duty. No mention is made of the snowy conditions and lack of food – even hay for the horses:

> *"CAMP BAKER –The publisher of the Sentinel took a flying trip on Monday last to Camp Baker. He thus describes what he saw and heard:*
>
> *The Camp is now occupied by two companies, "The Baker Guards" and "The Jackson Rangers." The place is situated about eight miles in an easterly direction from Jacksonville, and one and one-half miles west of Phoenix, on a small mountain stream called Coleman's Creek. The site is a beautiful and admirable one. There is plenty of dry, level surface for drilling and maneuvering, as well as for the buildings required for four full companies. Twenty-five log houses have already been built, and more can be put up at short notice. From the amount of work done, we judge the men have had plenty of extra duty to perform, but as the most of them have been accustomed to work, and will get extra pay for extra service, they prefer to do it. Now that sufficient ground has been prepared, three hours in each day will be devoted to infantry drill. When all become proficient in that, they then will be put through on horseback. The men are contented and orderly, and seem to take everything merrily. Between building houses, grubbing, exercising horses, drilling, attending bugle calls (especially the one calling them to their regular "human be-ans"), pitching quoits, running foot races, jumping, and other gymnastic exercises, they certainly enjoy themselves as well, if not much better, than the rest of mankind. The officers are gentlemanly, hospitable and generous to visitors, and much liked by the men. The intercourse between the officers and privates is gentlemanly and soldier-like. The utmost good feeling prevailed. Success to the Baker Guards and the Jackson Rangers."*[71]

Gushing reports like this can be attributed to the profound optimism inspired by the proximity of "law and order." Settlers expected the military presence so close by would preserve peace in the Valley. The continuing presence of troops that long winter created a naïve expectation that the military was stationed at Camp Baker for the sole benefit of the local populous rather than the needs the Territory as a whole, or the safety of thousands still arriving.

[71] *Oregon Sentinel,* Jacksonville, February 22, 1862, page 3

The National Archives offer a valuable repository of information on Company A's assignments and expeditions, including firsthand accounts from Volunteer Cavalry commanders. However, these official documents often downplay the severe challenges the company encountered, especially during the war's initial stages. Chronic understaffing, with available recruits consistently falling short of authorized positions, significantly hampered operations. This personnel shortage was further compounded by frequent officer reassignments, leading to a constant turnover in leadership. These rapid shifts in command resulted in short-lived and often underpaid detachments, hindering the company's effectiveness and contributing to operational instability.



L | 1 Cav. | Oregon.

William T. Leever
Pvt., Co. A
Sergt., Co. ___, 1 Reg't Oregon Cavalry.

Appears on Returns as follows:

Feb. 1862 - Detailed to act as Sergt. Major, seven days from 22 to 28 inclusive

Mch. & Apl. 1862. Acting Sergt. Major.

May 1862 - Absent acting Sergt. Major for Battn Reported on detached service.

June 1862 - Acting as Sergt. Major 2 Battn

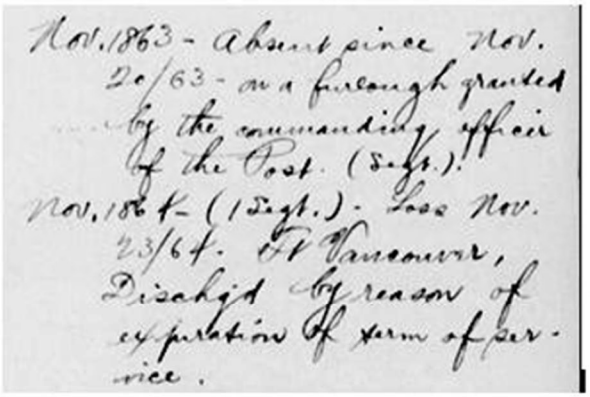
July to Sept. 1862 - On extra duty in Q. M. D. acting Q. M. Sergt. July 27/62.

Oct. 1862 - In A.A. Q. M's Dept. as Clerk

Jan. to Mch. 1863 - On daily duty Act'g Sergt. Major.

Apl. 1863 - Loss Apl. 10 - Ft Dalles, Appointed 1 Sergt. Apl. 10/63 - by order of Capt. T. S. Harris.

(over)



Nov. 1863 - Absent since Nov. 20/63 - on a furlough granted by the commanding officer of the Post. (Sergt.)

Nov. 1864 - (1 Sergt.) Loss Nov. 23/64. Ft Vancouver, Discharged by reason of expiration of term of service.

Transcription:

Feb. 1862 – Detailed to act as Segt. Major, seven days from 22 to 28 inclusive

Mch. & Apl. 1862. Acting Segt. Major

May 1862. Absent Acting Segt. Major for Batt'n Reported on detached service.

June 1862 – Acting as Segt. Major 2 Batt'n (or Q[uarter Master] Batt'n)

July to Sept. 1862 – On extra duty in Q.M.D. act'g Q.M.* Segt. July 27/62

Oct. 1862 – In A.A. Q.M's Dept. as clerk

Jan. to Mch. 1863 – On daily duty Act'g Segt. Major.

Apl. 1863 L? Apl. 10 – Ft. Dalles, Appointed 1 Segt. Apl. 10/63 by order of Capt. T. S. Harris. (over)

Nov. 1863 – Absent from Nov. 20/63 – on a furlough by the commanding officer of the Post. (Segt.)

Nov. 1864 – (1 Segt.) Loss Nov. 23/64. Ft. Vancouver, discharg'd by reason of expiration of term of service.

* Q.M. = Quarter Master

William was appointed "to act as Sergeant Major" just two and a half months into his service and reassigned that temporary rank four additional times during the period of February through September 1862. This included detached service in May and from July through September. In June he was assigned a similar role to the second battalion. He was, rather belatedly promoted to Corporal in February 1863; then just two months later appointed First Sergeant at Ft. Dalles on April 10, 1863 by Thomas S. "Smiley" Harris before Harris's forced resignation due to drunkenness – a last minute act, perhaps to right a wrong against William for being so long unrewarded for his service above his rank. In November of that year William was granted a short furlough, then returned to duty until his discharge as a First Sergeant in November 1964. November of that furlough, then returned to duty until his discharge as a First Sergeant in November 1964.

The only known photograph of W. T. Leever, c. 1862

The Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon records that,

At the outbreak of the Civil War [W T Leever] enlisted in Company A, First Oregon Volunteer Cavalry, as first sergeant, and served under Capt. William V. Rhinehart until his discharge November 23, 1864. His war experiences were centered principally on the frontier, and had to do with fighting the Indians, and in conducting emigrants to points of safety upon their arrival from the East. During the service he was at Fort Boise, Fort Harney, Vancouver, and other stations in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and during this time he had ample opportunity to study the Indian question from all sides.[72]

[72] From *Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon: Containing Original Sketches of Many Well Known Citizens of the Past and Present* ..., 1904

By the 1860s the regular armies of United States had taken over almost all military duties in the West, as most tribes had been relocated to reservations. Volunteer militias – which were the predominant threat to the Natives – had been successfully restrained, but not before exacting a devastating cost to the livelihood and culture of the Natives. Hatred and fear of the Indians was still common among emigrants who continued to pour in from the East.

> ***Company A*** *– The company was organized near Oregon City and moved to Fort Dalles then to Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, June 24 – July 12, 1862. The Company left Fort Walla Walla, July 25, 1862, for Salmon Falls on the Snake River Expedition against Snake Indians in what is now Idaho, August 19 – October 11, 1862, and protecting emigrant roads until November. At Fort Dalles until April, 1863 then ordered to Fort Walla Walla April 20 and sent on another Expedition against Snake Indians in Idaho from May 4 to October 26, 1863. Expedition from Fort Walla Walla to Snake River, Idaho Territory, February 16–23, 1864, and to Southeastern Oregon April 30 to October 6, 1864. Expedition from Fort Boise to Salmon Falls, Idaho Territory, and skirmishes from August 27 to October 5, 1864. At Fort Vancouver and other stations in Oregon and Idaho until muster[ed] out (at Fort Vancouver). Expedition from Camp Lyon, Idaho Territory, to Malheur River, Oregon, and skirmish July 2–13, 1865.* [73]

This is a fair, if unvarnished, summary of the Company's engagements. Perhaps missing from the assignments noted above was an expressed expectation that they explore the geography, natural resources, and prospective transportation routes. Clashes with the natives were relatively few and disorganized given the Indians' superior knowledge of the geography and penchant for raiding smaller parties, then going into hiding.[74]

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[73] Corning, Howard M. (1989) *Dictionary of Oregon History*. Binfords & Mort Publishing. p. 84.

[74] More about Company A can be found at:

Jewell, James Robbins. "Missed Opportunities." *Agents of Empire: The First Oregon Cavalry and the Opening of the Interior Pacific Northwest during the Civil War*, University of Nebraska Press, 2023, pp. 159-92.

Drew, C. S. "*Official Report of the Owyhee Reconnaissance Made by Lieut. Colonel C. S. Drew, 1st Oregon Cavalry, in the Summer of 1864 pursuant to the orders of Brigadier George Wright, commanding Dept. of the Pacific.*" Oregon Sentinel Printing Office, Jacksonville, Oregon, 1865.
https:/collections.lib.utah.edu/ark:/87278/s62c0zvq

Drew, Charles S. "*Communication from C.S. Drew: Giving an Account of the Origin and Early Prosecution of the Indian War in Oregon*." United States, U.S. Government Printing Office, 1860.

The term 'Snake Indians' was a broad and imprecise designation used by the U.S. military during this period. Due to limited knowledge and resources, they lacked the ability to distinguish between specific tribes within the region. Consequently, the term encompassed members of the Northern Paiute, Bannock, and Western Shoshone bands residing along the Snake River. While all these groups were impacted by military actions, the Northern Paiute were the primary targets of the military's ire. It's important to acknowledge that the 1st Oregon Cavalry benefited significantly from the invaluable assistance of the Warm Springs tribes. Dozens of Warm Springs warriors served as scouts, providing vital intelligence and, when necessary, courageously fought alongside the cavalry against their shared enemies.

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The 1904 comment, 'he had ample opportunity to study the Indian question from all sides,' was remarkably empathetic towards Native Americans for its time. Given the violent trauma of the preceding decades, including the decimation of Native populations, readers would likely have been offended by, or inured to, any stronger expressions of sympathy.

William's deeply held moral convictions, shaped by his upbringing, university education, and diverse experiences as a sojourner, teacher, farmer, and soldier, profoundly influenced his worldview. He experienced deprivation and death close-up. He saw what hatred and greed did to people of all colors. He experienced the horrific aftermath of cannibalism by emigrants and natives alike.[75] He concluded that all conflict stemmed from spiritual alienation more than cultural differences. This belief permeated his life, as evidenced by the historical record, which consistently highlights his unwavering commitment to the spiritual well-being of his family, community and state.

[75] Oregon Historical Quarterly, Volume 3 (1902), *The First Oregon Cavalry* by Frances Fuller Victor, p. 133

Part XII. Deacon-Teacher-Superintendant-Juror-Delegate-Farmer-Rancher-Investor

Three or four little churches, numbering half a dozen new members or so, each, struggling for existence, and a few Baptists scattered over the Territory. Whilst the ministers were going to and fro to gather up these scattered sheep, the churches endured hard work; they needed strong men to hold and lead them till they could have an under-shepherd. And here is where such men as Hunsaker, Holman, Fulkerson, Harlow, Cyrus, Leever, Rice, H. N. Hill, Claiborne Hill, Driskoll, Lloyd, Myers, Warren, the Smiths, Pruetts, the Millers, Latourette, Failing, Williams, Lenox, Matlock, and many others found their work: these heroes of the cross, none of whom were ordained ministers, but all were able; who, with their noble wives, (for the sisters often did as much as their husbands), noble and valiantly battled for the Master's cause.[76]

The Rogue River valley had about half a dozen poor, weak, struggling churches, which in addition to the common slavery and war issues, had been terribly disturbed by the Indian outbreaks in that section, so that at times they could hardly maintain their existence at all. They had also three or four preachers. But one was ninety years of age and died in 1870. Rev. M. N. Steams, Rev. Joseph Ritter, and Rev. Alpheus Wooldridge were the main stays.

...

The private members were nearly all workers. Deacon Horace Root came from New York in 1861; was a grand help, live, wide awake, energetic, always ready. Deacon W. T. Leever was another member who could always be depended upon. And the brethren generally were not backward. Both in the Rogue River valley, and also in the Willamette valley many of the lay members were fully as active and zealous as were the ministry.

...

And nearly all of the early Baptist deacons were men that could be counted on as of full value. And their wives kept even pace with them in aiding to build up the cause they loved.[77]

The historical record of William's life after his service in Company A becomes increasingly sparse. However, news articles reveal a man deeply devoted to his church and its mission. He diligently expanded his agricultural endeavors, ventured into mining and real estate, and actively participated in civic life, serving as a juror on numerous occasions, overseeing road construction projects, and contributing to the local education system as a teacher and Superintendent of Schools. As a devoted husband and father, he guided his children through life's milestones. He celebrated their births on the family farm, ensured their education, and stood alongside his wife, Lizzie, as each of their ten children married and established their own families.

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[76] *Baptist Annals of Oregon - Volume 1* – p. 64

[77] *Baptist Annals of Oregon - Volume 1* - Page 194

Some Leever family milestones are presented here, largely without commentary:

1860's William joined other men in investing in eleven quartz mining claims in the Galls Creek area not far from the farm.[78] Where there was quartz, investors expected to find gold. It is likely that William's involvement with enterprise was passive due to his other occupations. There is no record that this investment ever bore fruit but some of his sons held mining interests when they came of age.

7/31/1860 William and Cornwall's mother, Nancy Thacker Leever, passed away at the age of 55. Soon after, their father moved from Clermont County, Ohio to Illinois to be near their eldest son. The day before Christmas, Samuel remarried.

8/7/1869 At the close of the decade Elizabeth's only surviving brother died at 32 years old. He had married Jesse Bledsoe just 7 years earlier. Besides his wife, he left four young children. Jesse went on the marry pioneer, and neighbor to the Constants, Haskell W. Amy.

1870's "A road was built across Constant's land, tying Central Point to farming settlements in north Jackson County. By the 1870s, Constantine and Theopholas [sic.] Magruder were operating a store at the crossroads, and a hotel, livery stable, blacksmith shop, and saloon were built nearby. A half-dozen families lived in the hamlet, and a school was built where Central Point Elementary School is today. Magruder's store housed the post office, established in 1872 and called Central Point."[79]

Some say the name was meant to engender interest in bringing the railroad through the area when the route was being laid. In the end, it by-passed Central Point and a station was instead constructed in Medford. Consequently, the population of Medford swelled and surpassed Central Point.

3/4/1874 "In the Matter of the resignation of William T. Leever, Supervisor of Road District No. 10, came on to be heard and it appearing that in Consequence of the Ill health of his family, it would be burdensome on him to serve as Such Supervisor. It is therefore ordered that the resignation of the Said William T. Leever be and it is hereby accepted."[80] The illness was likely that of Elizabeth who had just become pregnant with the couple's seventh child.

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[78] *Jackson County Recorder*. Filed & recorded May 29th, 1860

[79] *Central Point,* By Alice Mullaly, undated manuscript

[80] Jackson County Commissioners' Journals 1873-74, https://truwe.sohs.org/files/jccjournals4.html

"The first duty of the new county court was to establish "trails." There were no wagons in the country until after the gold discovery, and the miners only needed trails. But in 1853 a good many settlers had located in the valley and roads were wanted. The first road located was easterly from Jacksonville to connect with the "Government Trail" leading into California. That is the road that now comes from Jacksonville to the Pacific Highway between Medford and Phoenix. The next road established [now called Old Stage Road] was from Jacksonville to Willow Springs, where was a lively mining camp. This was in 1853."[81]

4/26/1877 William's father, Samuel, died at the home of William's oldest brother in Fayette County, Illinois.

Oct 1881 The couple's tenth and last child, Elizabeth, was born. William was 52.

Jan 1885 William was one of the founding members of the Fruit Growers Association of Southern Oregon.

Nov 1887 "The Leever farm, four miles north of Jacksonville, has been sold to John G Bellinger, of California. It contains 100 acres and the price paid was $2,200. M. E. Beatty of Medford made the sale." This was a partial sale of land that did not include the farmhouse itself. The same month, the Democratic Times of Jacksonville reported that William purchased a lot in Central Point for one dollar from his brother-in-law Constantine Magruder one of the founders of the town.[82] This was presumably 434 Manzanita Street.

Jan 1890 Elizabeth's father, Isaac Constant died January 31, 1890. The funeral was not until February the 11th due to winter road conditions between the Constant homestead and the Jacksonville Cemetery. The sorrowful day was capped by further tragedy.

The couple had made the trip to Jacksonville together hundreds of times in the previous 35 years, but this one marked a painful deflection point in the trajectory of their lives. The same storms that caused the postponement of Isaac's interment also made the 4-mile journey home on the Old Stage Road perilous. If the loss of Elizabeth's father was not sign enough of their mortality, this accident underscored it.

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[81] C. B. WATSON, *A Graphic History of Road Building in Southern Oregon,* Ashland Daily Tidings, June 18, 1924, page 2

[82] *The Democratic Times* (Jacksonville), p.1; November 4, 1887

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A Singular Accident

Last Tuesday afternoon, as W. T. Leever and wife of Central Point precinct were returning home from attendance on the funeral of Isaac Constant, both of them occupying the rear seat in the hack in which they were riding they were precipitated backwards into Sears' creek while crossing the stream, by the giving away of the fastenings on the seat, and were severely injured, Mr. L. sustaining bruises and injuries to the back of his head and neck, besides having three ribs broken, which may prove of a very serious nature, while his wife is also suffering considerably from bruises and internal injuries. Both Mr. and Mrs. L. were confined to bed at last accounts. [83]

However, in spite of his injuries, William continued to serve as Executor for Isaac's estate, and in that capacity divided up much of the original claim to his wife Lucinda and their surviving children. While William and Lizzie were still convalescing, a heartbroken Lucinda passed on March 7th, just four weeks after her husband was laid to rest. The final vestiges of the Constant farm – parcels of 40 acres each – were not liquidated until 1896.

Aug 1890 William files for an Oregon veteran's benefit.

May 1891 William faced yet another brush with death on his farm the following year. The story was widely reported in newspapers from Albany to Ashland.

A Narrow Escape

Wm. T. Leever had a narrow escape from being killed by an enraged boar at his place near Central Point a few days since while he was engaged in making an exchange of breeding stock with S. B. Holmes, of Elk creek, both being engaged in the business of raising Poland-China hogs. Mr. H. had brought his animal in a crate to Mr. Leever's and as both of boars had always been tractable and quiet, by Mr. L's instructions the strange

[83] *The Democratic Times* (Jacksonville), p. 4; February 13, 1890

hog was turned loose in the pasture and the two men drove him afoot to where the other hogs were feeding, the latter supposing that his own boar was at a distance. He proved to be hidden in a fence corner, however, and when he smelled the strange hog became wild with rage. In attempting to control and drive him, Mr. L. struck him across the face with a switch he carried, when the animal assailed him, cutting him badly with its tusks in the thigh and leg. It was only after knocking the animal's tusks off with his club that Mr. H. could keep it off the prostrate man and it was sometime before help could be summoned to convey him to the house and procure surgical assistance. Under the treatment of Dr. Hinkle of Central Point, the hurt man is gradually recovering and hopes soon to be out again. He thinks that if he had been alone with the hog at the time he would undoubtedly have been killed, as he was helpless after being knocked down.[84]

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Nov 1892 Elected officer of the Jackson County Sunday School Convention

Oct 1894 The Medford Mail reports[85] that, "W. T. Leever was thrown from his wagon last Friday, and received painful internal injuries. He is still confined to his room."

In 1894 the physically handicapped William turned 65 and paid taxes on an income of $3,820 – today's [2024] equivalent of nearly $134,000.[86]

Nov 1894 Likely at the urging of their children, William contracted with L. C. Rodenberger to build a home in town on Manzanita Street for Lizzie and himself. Such a move would no doubt be more convenient for his children to tend to them, but also prevent the aging couple from being further debilitated by the efforts of maintaining the farm.[87]

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[84] *Jacksonville Times* May 22, 1891; reprinted in *Eugene City Guard* May 30, 1891

[85] *The Medford Mail*, October 5, 1894, p.2

[86] *The Medford Mail,* October 19, 1894, page 4

[87] *The Medford Mail*., October 26, 1894, p. 2. The home was added to the Central Point historic building inventory on January 21, 1999.

Dec 1894 Cornwall and his wife Martha visit the ailing couple from the Santiam Valley.[88]

Mar 1895 William began receiving a veteran's pension.

Sep 1895 "W. T. Leever moved back to his fine farm [in Willow Springs] Tuesday. After two years of town life, he concluded that farm life suited him best. His son Ed [Edmondson Marjory Leever] has moved into the house [on Manzanita Street] after his father vacated."[89]

The Leever town home at 434 Manzanita St. is on the Central Point historical register.

Apr 1896 Elected Delegate of the Oregon Republican Party representing Jackson County

Jun 1896 Served as an elections clerk for Jackson County.

Jan 1898 Appointed one of three county election judges for Central Point "to serve at the June election."[90]

Feb 1899 Travelled to San Francisco to have his eyes treated.[91] He was 70 years old.

Apr 1899 Thinking that William would soon die, he deeded his half of 134 acres to Lizzie.[92] Other portions of the homestead were deeded to neighbors and various of their children.

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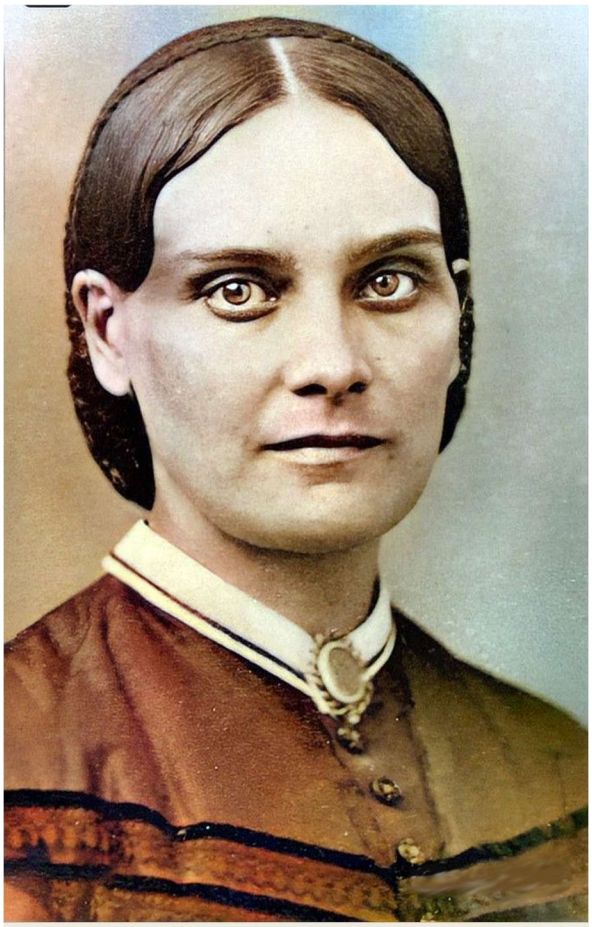
[88] *The Medford Mail,* December 21, 1894, p. 2

[89] *The Valley Record*., September 26, 1895, p. 6

[90] *The Medford Mail*, January 21, 1898

[91] *The Medford Mail*, February 10, 1899, p. 3

[92] https://apps.jacksoncountyor.gov/digitalresearchroompublic/DocumentImage/1899-900186?year=1899&itemId=900186&convertToPdf=True



Elizabeth Merriman Constant Leever

Jun 1900 "Your correspondent took W. T. Leever, who has been suffering with spinal trouble for a long time, to Eagle Point Monday to have A. J. Daley, a faith doctor, perform on him. Mrs. W. T. Leever, who is low with dropsy, is no better."[93]

Part XIII. Passages

Jul 1900 William's beloved Lizzie passes. Her death was acknowledged as far away as Portland.

Women's Relief Corps, No. 27, is called upon to mourn the loss by death, of one of its most loyal and faithful members. On the afternoon of July 19, 1900, at the family home, Mrs. E. M. Leever closed her eyes forever to the scenes of this earth, to open them again to the blazing splendor of the City Celestial. Her record as member of the Women's Relief Corps was marked by love for the order, by loyalty and faithfulness. She was a devoted wife and mother, a faithful friend, a wise counselor. To the bereaved family the Women's Relief Corps extend warmest sympathy, and as an expression of love, as a mark of our respect, let the charter of our corps be draped in mourning for thirty days. It is mete and proper such respect be shown the memory of the sister and friend we have lost.

By command of Mary A. Mee, President, Edna L. Robnett, Secretary.[94]

Aug 1900 On August 27, the Portland Oregonian reported "W. T. Leever of Central Point has been granted an increase of pension to $12 per month."

Jan 1901 "W. T. Leever is in a very critical condition. He fell down some two weeks ago, which was nothing unusual for him and no one thought he was seriously hurt

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[93] *The Valley Record* (Ashland), June 14, 1900, p. 3

[94] *The Medford Mail*, Friday, 3 Aug 1900, *Central Point Items*, p. 3, c. 2; Central Point, Or., July 31 1900. W. H. Harrison. Also, *The Sunday Oregonian*. Portland, July 29, 1900, p. 3

until about a week. They called in Dr. Cole and he discovered the bone near the joint was fractured. He is not doing well and there are fears as to his recovery."

Mar 1901 "Mrs. Mary Cornish has purchased W. T. Leever's residence on Manzanita Street and moved thereto."[95]

July 1901 William experienced yet another fall "at home". This was likely the home of his daughter. His first accident seemed to occur between 1897 and 1899 (after the incident with the boar) and by this time he had been incapacitated for a number of years, and from this time forward rarely left his bed. The *Medford Enquirer* reported that the ensuing injury to his spine was "in such a manner as will probably prove fatal." He suffered on for another year and a half – bereft of his partner and friend whose own suffering had been lifted at death. He was obviously restless and tried to move painfully about when doing so was well beyond his ability. In August, Dr. Cole reported to the *Democratic Times* that "[he thinks] the bone near the hip joint was likely fractured."

William was imprisoned by his failing body, but buoyed by the Word of God and the love of his family. During this difficult period, the record of his life is silent except for occasional announcements of visits from children living in California who came to encourage their ailing father or pay him their last respects.

Aug 1901 Cornwall's wife Martha passes after a long illness.

Jan 1902 Because of William's poor health and mental incompetence, the court granted guardianship to his eldest son William Constant "Con" Leever who would become Central Point's first mayor in 1909 and reelected in 1920. The subsequent appraisal of his estate showed a value of $174.[96] The estate of Elizabeth is finally settled.[97]

Mar 1903 William passed on March 2, 1903 at 75 years old and was laid to rest beside his wife at the Central Point Cemetery which lies just north of the Constant homestead[98] where William once plowed his father-in-law's field. Later that month, a grandson – the second child of Julian Don Carlos – was named in his memory, William Thacker Leever II in Visalia, California.

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[95] *The Medford Mail,* March 29, 1901, p. 3

[96] *Democratic Times* (Jacksonville), various January through March 1902

[97] *Democratic Times*., January 09, 1902, p. 6

[98] centralpointoregon.gov/sites/default/files/fileattachments/parks_and_recreation/page/12820/central_point_cemetery_map_color_poster-sized.pdf

Soon after his passing, *The Medford Mail* (March 20) published this memoriam which they received from the local chapter of the Grand Army of the Republic, a fraternal association of Civil War veterans:

In Memoriam
TO THE COMRADES OF THE G. A. R., SCATTERED ABOUT:

WHEREAS, Death, the Fell Destroyer, that Grim Enemy of both high and low, has again invaded our fast falling ranks and taken from our midst our ever honored and respected comrade, W.T. Leever; and

WHEREAS, As Comrade Leever's residence was of longer duration in our beautiful valley than any other member of the G. R. A., we deem it proper and just to give a brief biography of his life:

He came to this valley in the year 1854, and two years later was married to Miss Lizzie Constant, and to them were born ten children, all of whom are living. The wife and mother died nearly three years ago. He secured a tract of land one mile west of the site of Central Point, under the donation act, which was his home for nearly 50 years. He passed through the trial of the early pioneers, and was an active participant in the later Indian wars.

At the breaking out of the Civil war he early offered his services for the defense of his country and enlisted as a private into the 1st Cavalry for three years or during the war, and after serving three full years was discharged as first sergeant of his company. The 1st Oregon Cavalry supplied the place of the regular troops that were sent east, and soon became noted as very efficient Indian fighter and were recognized as much superior to the regular troops. During his service Comrade Leever contracted rheumatism through exposure, which troubled him more or less until the day of his death; and, although completely helpless for more than two years, he was pensioned at only $12 per month.

Early in life comrade Leever united with the Baptist church, and was an earnest and zealous worker in that faith, until he became too feeble to take part in its exercises. He was always attendant at their yearly association and it was chiefly through his efforts that the Baptist church was erected at Central Point.

During his long and useful life there was never a breath of reproach against his good name as a man and citizen. His word was good as his bond, and his acts of charity were limited only by his ability and means. He joined W. H. Harrison Post No. 67, G. A. R., Dept. of Oregon, May 16, 1895, as a charter member, and was ever prompt in his duties, until overcome by age and disease. Therefore be it

RESOLVED, That this Post, though not having the pleasure of his presence in the Post room for some years, deplore his death and kindly remember him as a true and faithful comrade to those who stood shoulder to shoulder in the time of danger and freely offered their lives that this Nation should live, and that the Post tender their sympathy to his children, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE MEDFORD MAIL for publication.

J. M. GIBSON, JOHN WRIGHT, MERRITT ELLIOTT, Com.

The *Medford Mail's* own obituary was more succinct.

Another Pioneer Passes

William T. Leever, one of the oldest pioneers of Southern Oregon, died at his residence in Central Point on March 2, 1903, aged 74 years.

Mr. Leever came to Oregon from his native state, Ohio, in 1854. He was married in 1856, and to he and his wife were born ten children, all of whom are living.

During the Civil war Mr. Leever was a member of the 1st Oregon volunteer regiment.

For nearly all of the time he has lived in Oregon he has resided on his farm in Central Point precinct, where most of the children of the family were born.

The funeral took place on Wednesday, March 4th, services being held at the Baptist church in that town, Rev. T. J. Crandall, of Medford, officiating. The interment was made in the Central Point cemetery, under the auspices of W. H. Harrison Post, [Grand Army of the Republic]

Apr 1910 Con Leever, William's oldest son, sold the remainder of the Leever farm to a Chicago investor. The Medford Mail Tribune called it "One of the finest in the valley." (April 22, 1910)

. . .

In a biography of the eldest son, William "Con" Leever, the same author pens,

WILLIAM CONSTANT LEEVER -- Given a good constitution a clear brain and a wholesome comprehension of the duties and responsibilities of life the average man succeeds because of the very rationalness of his attitude and because he is prepared to cope with world and its vicissitudes. Such a man is William Constant Leever successfully engaged the hardware business at Central Point In addition, Mr. Leever has the incentive to noble living which arises from admirable family connections for relatives on both sides of his family have displayed exceptional bravery and forethought in coping with the pioneer conditions our country German conservatism and stability have taken an important part in the rising fortunes of the family and the paternal great grandfather to whom America offered a solace for the limitations of his

fatherland embodied the best of the traits which make the Teutonic citizen a desirable acquisition to any community. This sire settled in the state of Pennsylvania at an early day purchased farm lands which he cultivated and handed down to his children and where he died at an advanced age. His son Samuel the next in line of descent established the family in the state of Ohio where William Leever the father of William Constant was born February 27, 1829.

William T Leever was educated in the schools of Cincinnati Ohio and at an early age engaged in school teaching in his native state. In 1853, accompanied by his brother Cornwall, he came to Oregon with horse teams being the road barely three months. This was a decided improvement in time over the old time ox teams and the company being small there less hindrances to speedy and successful traveling. Mr. Leever lived first on a farm near Scio, Linn County, teaching school in a pioneer cabin until 1854, and then removed to Roseburg where he taught for about a year. In 1855 came to Jackson County and followed near Central Point and in 1856 purchased a ranch of three hundred and twenty acres near town which continued to be his home until death March 2, 1903. At the outbreak of the Civil war he enlisted in Company A, First Oregon Volunteer Cavalry, as first sergeant, and served under Capt. William V. Rhinehart until his discharge November 23, 1864. His war experiences were centered principally on the frontier, and had to do with fighting the Indians, and in conducting emigrants to points of safety upon their arrival from the east. During the service he was at Fort Boise, Fort Harney, Vancouver, and other stations in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and during this time he had ample opportunity to study the Indian question from all sides. In innumerable ways his education aided in accomplishing his success in the west and even when far on in life he was a staunch supporter and worker for higher

Grave marker for William and Elizabeth, Central Point Cemetery.

mental training. He took great interest in Republican politics but was never willing for his name to appear as a candidate for office. As a deacon and worker in the Baptist Church he affiliated with the pioneers who believed in morality and humanity, and many are the instances when he went out of way to perform an act of kindness to those less fortunate than himself.

Mr. Leever married into a family renowned for its good name, and conspicuous among the early pioneer influences of Oregon. Elizabeth M. Constant was born near Springfield, Sangamon County, Illinois., and died at Central Point in 1901(sic). This estimable woman, and mother of four sons and six daughters, inherited her strong and reliant characteristics from her father, Isaac, who was born in Virginia, and moved with his parents to Kentucky while yet a boy. When grown to manhood he moved to Sangamon County, Illinois, whence he enlisted in the "Black Hawk" war, serving with credit and distinction. Imbued with commendable zeal, he crossed the plains in the memorable emigrant year of 1849 . . . [99] (The balance of this history is devoted to the life of Isaac Constant and his family).

Steamboat School in Jackson County. Similar to those taught by William

The father's birth occurred in Springfield, Ohio, February 27, 1829, and the mother, a native of Illinois, was born January 2, 1839. William Leever crossed the plains in [1853] to the Willamette valley, making the journey with horses ("drove horses") from his native state. After teaching school for two years he went to Portland, visiting the site of that city when there was only one cabin within its present corporation limits. Removing to Jackson County, he taught school at Central Point and spent the remainder of his life in that district, devoting the greater part of his time and attention n to farming. He was injured in an accident which incapacitated him for business for five or six years before his death, which occurred in 1903. His wife died July 19, 1900. In their family were ten children: W. C., who makes his home at Central Point, Oregon:

[99] *Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon*, Chapman Publishing Co., Chicago, 1904, pages 764-765

Lavinia, the wife of Frank Hathaway, also of Central Point; Ida. the wife of John B[o]llinger, of Modesta [sic], California; Edmonson M.; J. C., living at Visalia, California; T. S., of the same state; Ada, the wife of Walter Damon, of the John Day county of Oregon; Lucinda. the wife of W. J. Guy, of Portland; Nellie, the wife of Frank Jeffries, of California; and Elizabeth, the wife of Eli Mayer, of Exeter, California. [100]

Sixteen years later Cornwall Thacker Leever once again joined his brother on their last great adventure (The obituary contained a number of factual errors):

C.T. Leever, a well-known and highly esteemed pioneer of Oregon passed away April 8, 1919 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George Stiers, at the age of 93 years, 7 months, and 27 days.

He was born in Ohio August 11, 1825. After securing his education in Cincinnati, at the age of 20 [sic] he crossed the plains by ox team [sic] and settled near what is now Portland. In early manhood, he taught school in the then village of Portland. Not long after this he came to the vicinity of Lebanon, where he has since made his home until the time of his death.

He was married in this county to Miss Martha Jane Beelor [sic.], on July 16, 1857, and to this union were born seven children, four of whom preceded him to the great beyond. The remaining three are Mrs. George Stiers of Crabtree, Mrs. George R. Titus of Lebanon and George Leever of Crabtree. Besides these he leaves two sisters who reside in the East.

He was baptized and became a member of the Christian church in 1916.

. . .

Interment was at the Providence Cemetery last Wednesday; the funeral being conducted by Rev. T. D. Yarnes of Lebanon.[101]

That Cornwall was not baptized until three years before his death – 57 years after William was baptized – may add credence to speculation among Cornwall's descendants that perhaps the parting of the brothers back in 1854 might have been due to deeply-held differences between the two men – or at least on issues of faith. It is a sad and poignant fact that Cornwall's youngest son, who was the informant on his father's death certificate, did not know the names of his father's parents, or even the location of his birth. Whether these incidental facts point to familial estrangement is left to conjecture. While the interpretation of these details remains open, it is clear that time, geography, opportunity, and the

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[100] From *Portrait and Biographical Record of Western Oregon* by Chapman Publishing Company, Chicago, 1904 https://archive.org/details/portraitbiographwo00inchap/page/764/mode/2up?q=leever

[101] Obituary*: The Lebanon Express*; April 16, 1919

demands of daily life presented challenges to maintaining close family connections back then as they do today. Sadly, we can't remember tomorrow those we failed to know today.

Part XIV. Epilogue

A sense of the past is far more basic to the maintenance of freedom than hope for the future.[102]

The grandfather of William Thacker Leever, Adam Lieber, came to this country before it was a country. When called to go to war against a tyrannical King, he initially joined his neighbors in the Pennsylvania frontier in requesting they be excused so they would not have to leave their wives and children in the untamed wilderness. But when that appeal was denied, he left his forge and plow to serve in the Revolution. It was difficult enough enduring the hardships of farming on the frontier, but he cherished the freedoms his new homeland promised. He believed so deeply in the principle of self-determination for his neighbors and countrymen – those risking life and fortune for liberty – that he could not in good conscience refuse to fight. This commitment to freedom was evident throughout his life – first as a German immigrant experiencing the horrors of the Franco-Prussian War, then as a risk-taker who sought a new life in colonial Pennsylvania. Adam Lieber considered himself a sojourner on this earth, a sentiment poignantly reflected in his will.

Adam left this earth before his 9th child, Samuel, was born. When Samuel reached maturity, he followed his older brothers to the "Northwest Territory" of Clermont County, Ohio where two of them were subsequently enlisted to fight the British in the War of 1812. There, on the nation's newest frontier, Samuel established a profitable farming enterprise and began a family. When Samuel and his wife said goodbye to their boys as they mounted their horses for Oregon Territory, Samuel understood that like his father, we are all sojourners.

That we, the happy descendants of William and Lizzie exist at all, is a tribute to their sacrifice of tears and blood – of thousands of prayers and heart-aching decisions. We think we know what sacrifice is, but few of us can grasp the breadth of what they gave and suffered so that others might prosper. There are no monuments to their marriage or their individual accomplishments. There is not a Leever Street in Jackson County – no Leever School, even though it is unlikely that anyone in the Valley has given more in the last one hundred and fifty years, or been more committed to the children of Jackson County – certainly under such adversity.

Even Lizzie's family name is conspicuously absent from the maps of the county. There is a Constants Creek – thoughtlessly recorded as "Constance" Creek for at least a hundred years – but the Isaac Constant Bridge which spans the Bear Creek at East Pine

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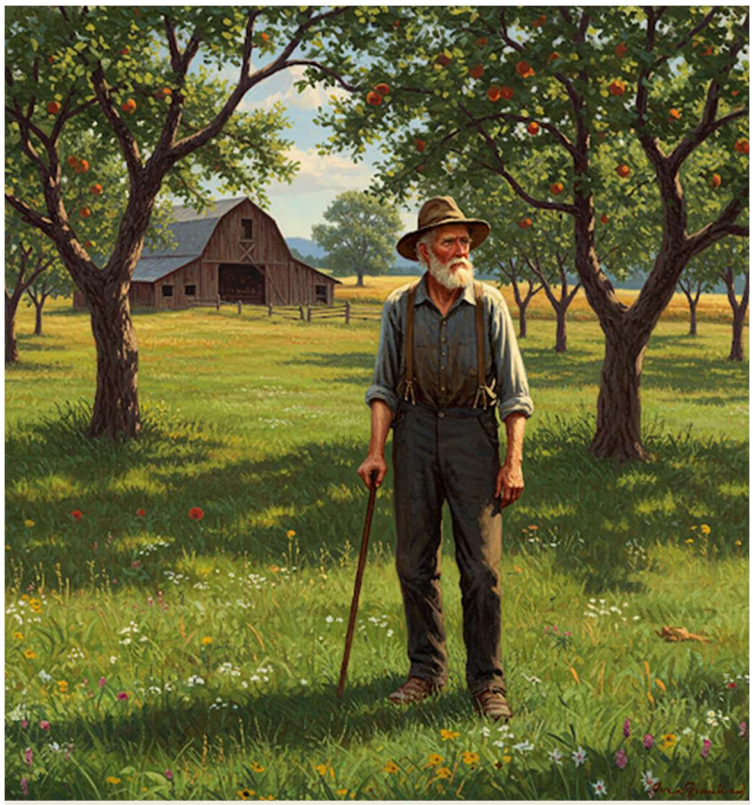
[102] *The Quest for Community,* Robert Nisbet., 1953.

near old homestead bears no sign or placard remembering that Isaac gave his land for the creation of the town of Central Point – or that he built the first bridge there with his own hands. By the telling of their lives from generation to generation, and by imitating their courage, ambition and faith, *we* stand as their monument – and as monuments to their selfless devotion to God, family, and country.

Words of the hymn *Guide me, O thou great Redeemer*[103], on William and Elizabeth's lips on a hundred Sunday mornings, may have been sung one last time for each of them:

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand
. . .
Open now the crystal fountain,
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through
. . .



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[103] Written by William Williams, 1745

The Family Record[104]

William Thacker Leever 1829–1903

Elizabeth Merriman Constant 1839–1900

Children:

1.	William Constant Leever	1858–1936	married Isabel Armstrong
2.	Lavinia Leever	1860–1939	married Simeon Franklin Hathaway
3.	Ida A Leever	1865–1945	married John Andrew Bollinger
4.	Edmonson Marjorie Leever	1867–1945	married Elizabeth Jane Nicholson
			married Viola Jane Clark
5.	Julian Don Carlos Leever	1870–1955	married Barbara Adams Chalfant
6.	Thomas Samuel Leever	1872–1938	married Alice Cunningham
7.	Ada Leever	1874–1954	married Walter Henry Damon
8.	Lucinda Leever	1877–1949	married Fredrick Seaver Slagle
			married William John Guy
9.	Nellie Leever	1879–1959	married Thomas J McInery
			married Frank Vernon Jeffers
			married Emmett D Magee
10.	Elizabeth "Lizzie" Leever	1881–1962	married Eli A Mayer

***About the author**: Kevin Rand Biersdorff is just one of many great-great grandchildren of William and Elizabeth Leever. He resides in Eugene, Oregon. Additional Leever family information, or suggested corrections may be forwarded to him at 247kevin(at)gmail.com.*

[104] The reader is urged to see Family Search (familysearch.org, person ID *KF55-767*) for more on the extended family, both ancestors and descendants. Note that living persons are hidden.

Persons Named Herein

Amy	Haskell	W	
Angel	Martin		
Applegate	Jesse	etal	
Armstrong	Isabel		
Bailey	Mrs		
Baker	Edward	Dickinson	
Barlow	Samuel		
Bameyburg	Mrs		
Beatty	M	E	
Beeler	Martha	Jane	
Beeson	John		
Beeson	Welborn		
Belshaw	George		
Blakeley	Captain	James	
Blakeley	James		Cptn
Bled spe	Jesse		
Bellinger	John	G	
Bollinger	Ida		
Bollinger	John	Andrew	
Butler	Ira	Francis	
Chalfant	Barbare	Adams	
Clark	Viola	Jane	
Cole			Dr
Constant	Eliza		
Constant	Elizabeth	Merriman	
Constant	Isaac		
Constant	Julia		
Constant	Lucinda	Merriman	
Constant	Margery		
Constant	William	Thomas	
Cornish	Mary	E	
Crabtree			
Crandall	T	J	Rev
Crank			
Cruzan	Andrew	Jackson	
Cunninghar	Alice		
Curry	George	L	Gov
Daley	A	J	
Damon	Ada		
Damon	Walter		
Drew	Charles	S	Col
Foster	Phillip		
Gibson	J	M	
Guy	Lucinda		
Hardin	John	R	Judge
Harris	Thomas	S "Smiley"	Capt
Hathaway	Franklin	Simeon	
Hathaway	Lavinia		
Hinkle			Dr
Holmes	S	B	
Huber	Even	N	
Jackson	D	E	Dr
Jeffers	Frank	Vemon	
Jeffries	Nellie		
Joe	Chief	(Apserkahar)	
John	Chief	(Tecumum)	
Kelsey	John		Col
Leever	William "Co	Constant	
Leever	Cornwall	Thacker	
Leever	Edmonson	Marjorie	
Leever	Elizabeth		
Leever	George		
Leever	John	Quincy	Adams

Leever	Joseph		
Leever	Julian	Don Carlos	
Leever	Mary		
Leever	Nancy	Thacker	
Leever	Nathan		
Leever	Samuel		
Leever	Sarah		
Leever	Thomas	Samuel	
Leever	William	Thacker	
Lieber	Adam		
Lincoln	Abraham	Pres	
Lupton	James	A	
Magee	Emmet	D	
Magruder	Constantine		
Magruder	Lettle		
Magruder	Theophilos		
Maury	Reuben	F	Col
Mayer	Eli	A	
Mclnery	Nellie		
Mclnery	Thomas	J	
Mee	Mary	A	
Meek	Joseph		
Merriman	William	Harrison	
Merritt	Elliot		
Miller	Peter		
Nicholson	Elizabeth	Jane	
Overbeck	Louisa		
Overbeck	Henry	Andrew	Dr
Palmer	Joel		
Paul	(Apostle)		
Read	James	S	Rev
Rhinehart	William	V	Cptn
Robinson	Jesse		Dr
Robnett	Edna	L	
Rodenberger	L	C	
Root	H	F	
Rose	Aaron		
Rose	Emily		
Rose	Lucy		
Rose	Sarah	Chauncey	
Rose	William	R	Dr
Sam	Chief		
Shields	William		
Skinner	Eugene		
Slagle	Fredrick	Seaver	
Smith	Isaac		
Smith	Peter		
Stanley	W	I	
Stearns	Avery	P	
Stearns	Myron	Newell	Rev
Stiers	George		
Stretton			
Taylor	David	Hobart	
Tayor	Stephen	Phelps	
Titus	George	R	
T'Vault	William	Green	
Underwood	Edmund		Lt
Wayand	Francis		
West	Calvin	Brookings	
West	George	Miller	
Whiteaker	John		Gov
Wright	John		
Wrisley	John	B	
Yames	T	D	